JOHN BULL, MARCH 11, 1933

TWOPENCE
Vol. LIII.
1395.

IT'S GOOD TO BE ENGLISH BY A.G.G. ON PAGE 13.

JOHN BULL

TREACHEROUS WEATHER!

The sting of Winter is often in its tail! March is a treacherous month. Be on your guard against sudden changes of temperature and increased risks of colds and infection: in other words, be on Bovril.

For Bovril has unique powers of stimulating the nutritional processes on which your vitality and your power to resist illness must depend.

Take Bovril and build up a permanent reserve of strength and vitality.

For more than 40 Winters Bovril has proved its value as a good defence against illness and a quick restorative in convalescence

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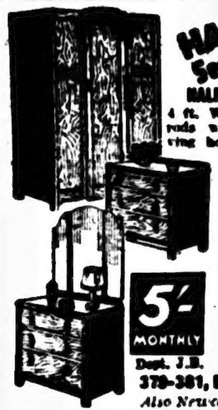

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LAST FEW DAYS!

HALF PRICE OAK BEDROOM SUITE

4 ft. Wardrobe fitted hat shelves and 2 rods with sliding hooks (centre revolving hook); 3 ft. Dressing Table with 3 frameless mirrors and 3 deep drawers; 3 ft. 3-drawer Linen Chest. Heavily made; finished deep Brown. Usual price 17 gns.

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Packed and sent Free to any address except I.F.S. *Send p.c. for FREE Brochure of Bargains.*

5/- MONTHLY

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Also Newcastle-on-Tyne & Stockton-on-Tees

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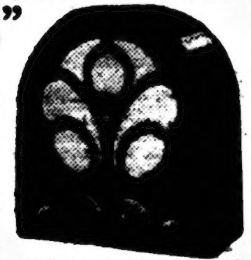

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Carr. Paid. Ready for use.

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ALL BEST PARTS.
EXIDE ACCUMULATOR.
DRYDEX BATTERY.
COLUMBIA or AMPLION SPEAKER.

A Customer writes: "*Many thanks for set received in perfect condition. I am very pleased with same, it has such splendid tone and the number of stations one can get is remarkable!*"

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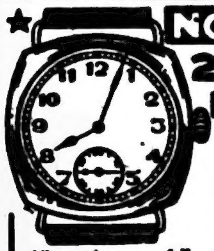

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SOLID SILVER GENT'S WATCH

Guaranteed perfect timekeeper. Specially tested before delivery. Smart SOLID SILVER CASE and handsome figured dial. Strong, double width leather strap. Bargain price while stocks last, 27/6; luminous dial, 29/6. 2/- discount for Cash in 7 days.

All watches are fully warranted for 15 years

LADY'S SOLID SILVER WATCH

Same jewelled accurate movement as Gent's Watch. Dainty SOLID SILVER CASE, moire silk band and fancy dial. Wonderful value, 26/-. On solid silver expanding bracelet, 31/6. Send for one of these reliable watches to-day, and see it before you buy—7 days after receipt pay 1/6 and 1/6 fortnightly. 2/- discount for Cash in 7 days. *Write for Catalogue.*

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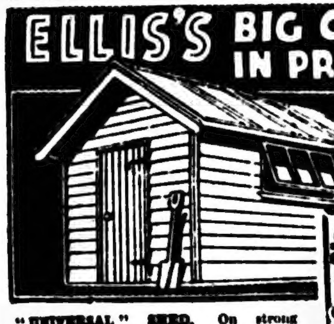

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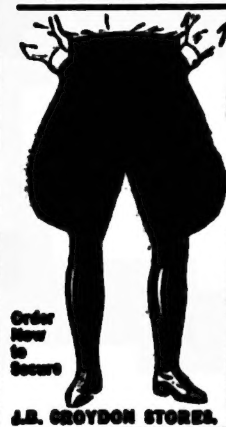

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4/6 PER PAIR. Postage 9d. extra.

Superior Self-Filling FOUNTAIN PEN FREE with every order!!

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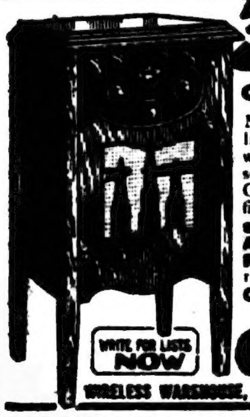

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WIRELESS WAREHOUSE, DEPT. 8, COVENTRY

ALL ROUND VALUE
JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW
A SQUARE GUARANTEE
FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 33.

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the World's Finest Tonic

AT COST PRICES

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4 lb. TIN 3/3

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2 White Woolly Blankets	90×70
2 Bolton Sheets	90×70
2 White Pillow Slips	30×18
1 White Bolster Case	58×20
1 Art Printed Bedspread	
4 piece Art Duchess Set	
2 Coloured Turkish Towels	
1 Pair Art. Silk Hose	
1 Smart Cushion Cover	
3 Dainty Handkerchiefs	
1 Twill Kitchen Cloth	
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Double Bed Size.

Direct from our Mill for CARR. FREE. **20/-** CASH or C.O.D. WADDED SATIN QUILT FREE also, if cash with order, choice of Free Damask Table Cloth or Lady's Ptd. Overall.

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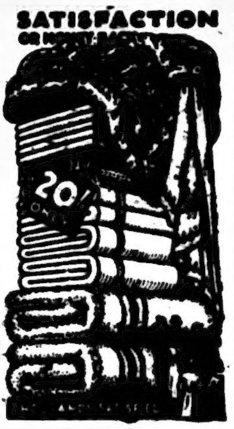

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but when I began to play—*a hush fell upon the room. I played the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal 'Moonlight Sonata.' My friends sat spellbound. When the last notes died away the excitement on their faces!" "Who was your teacher?" "How do you get that lovely singing tone?"* I receive similar letters daily from students of MY POSTAL LESSONS for the PIANO, who started *without knowing a note.* The same delightful experience can positively be yours, even though you start at middle age! Or, if already a player, I'LL MAKE YOU PLAY BETTER beyond your dreams. Within a few weeks your playing and sight-reading shall make you welcome everywhere. I have taught 50,000 pupils. I CAN TEACH YOU. Ordinary, musical notation only used (no freakish methods). SEND p.c. for FREE Book and advice—Say Moderate, Elementary or Beginner.

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Be stronger than ever—CHEAPLY, QUICKLY, PERMANENTLY under the

ONLY GUARANTEE of its kind. No matter what you have tried, let me send it to you on

ONE MONTH'S FREE TRIAL at my risk. Saves pounds on belts. Greatest rupture discovery made. NO promises—NO elastic, trusses, but a wonderful NEW British invention. Send now for full details sent in plain sealed envelope. Patent No. 344002/30.

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NO RELIEF—NO PAYMENT

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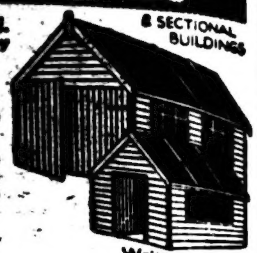

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SUIT of PURE WOOL

YOURS FOR 5/- DOWN

Every garment individually cut to your own measurements. Not mass productions, thus ensuring perfect fitting. An attractive suit in our own exclusive design of pure Wool, striped lapels and fashionable cape. Knitted scarf to match included. Made in any desired fashionable shade, with contrasting colours, including: Lido, Nigger, Beige, Cherry, Rust, Wine, etc. Special half-price offer, Cash 19/11. Postage 6d. Or 5/- down and 5/- monthly. Knitted hat to match 3/6.

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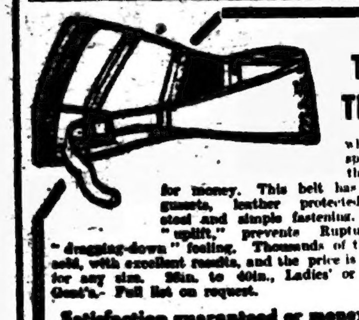

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which is being spoken of as the finest value for money. This belt has strong elastic gussets, leather protected unbreakable steel and simple fastening. Has a good "uplift," prevents Rupture and that "dragging-down" feeling. Thousands of these have been sold, with excellent results, and the price is for any size. 26in. to 40in., Ladies' or Gent's. Full list on request.

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ANY QUANTITY SUPPLIED.

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25/- SOLID RUBBER WELLINGTONS

FREE Superior Self-filling FOUNTAIN PEN given with every order!!

Ideal for Floods, Farming, Fishing, Shooting, Garage and Stablework. High-grade Wellingtons superior to any being offered below 25/-. Knee length, with triple reinforced ankle and instep, extra thick non-slip sole, warm lining throughout. Finest quality rubber with dull black finish. LADIES' WELLINGTONS, sizes 3 to 7, per pair 5/-. MAIDS' sizes 11 to 2, 4/-. KIDDIES' sizes 8 to 10, 3/-. HIP BOOTS, all sizes, 15/-, post 1/- extra.

7/9 PER PAIR

Postage 1/- extra or C.O.D.

All Sizes 2 to 12.

J. B. CROYDON STORES, 2/A, DERBY ROAD, CROYDON.

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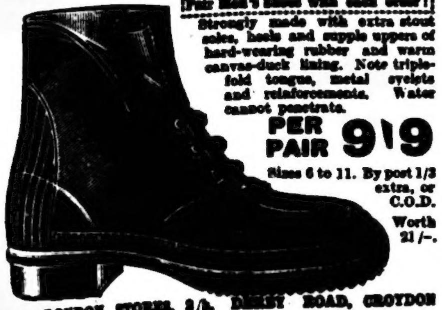
IDEAL SUBSTITUTE FOR WELLINGTONS
For Farming, Gardening, Policemen, Garages, etc.

FREE FOR ONE WEEK
Pair Men's Shoes with each order!



Strongly made with extra stout soles, heels and supple uppers of hard-wearing rubber and warm canvas-duck lining. Note triple-fold tongue, metal eyelets and reinforcements. Water cannot penetrate.

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Sizes 6 to 11. By post 1/3 extra, or C.O.D.

Worth 21/-.

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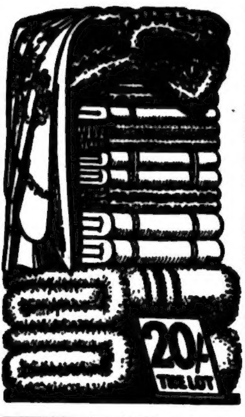
THE WONDER BALE!



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1 White Bolster Case 56 x 20
1 Willow Patt. Bedspread.
4 piece Willow Pattern Duchess Set to match.
1 Printed Cushion Cover.
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2 Chamois Polishers.
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Wadded Down Quilt free, also (if cash with order) **Damask Table Cloth** or **pair Art. Silk Hose** (state choice).
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Write for Free Art List.

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AVOID doubtful medicines, pills, etc., for reducing weight. Wear the Beasley Reducing Belt-Supporter, and get slim quickly and safely. Slips over hips, instantly adjusting itself to your figure. No straps, lacing or fasteners. Excellent as a general purpose belt for

MEN OR WOMEN

this garment is made from strong woven Elastic webbing. Women's model has four suspenders.

9 ins. deep. **4/11** 11 ins. deep. **5/11**

All 2/- for sizes 38 ins. to 44 ins. waist. Super Quality 8/11d. Fine Silk Elastic, 14 ins. deep, 12/11d. O.S. 2/- extra. Postage on all models 3d. extra.

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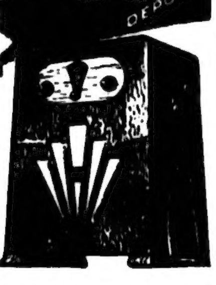

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Reduced to 7/9

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SATISFACTION OR FREE GIFT OF 1/-

Send for a pair now, and if not completely satisfied, we will give you 1/- recompense for your trouble. Ideal for farm, navy, deck use, fishing, shooting, garage. Every pair guaranteed.

Postage 1/-. Sizes 6 to 11. **7/9**
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EXTRA COMFY HOUSESHOES

FOUNTAIN PEN FREE with each order!

Just the thing for wear in the house or garden. Perfectly finished with solid rubber heels, soles, and flexible rubber uppers with Patent Leather appearance, but infinitely more comfortable. A more comfortable shoe does not exist. Ideal for those troubled with tender feet, corns, bunions, etc.

Get a pair to-day and know what foot comfort really is.
Sizes 3 to 7. PER PAIR

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Also Men's Shoes, sizes 3 to 12, per pair 2/6.

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Postage on one or two pairs, 6d. extra or C.O.D.
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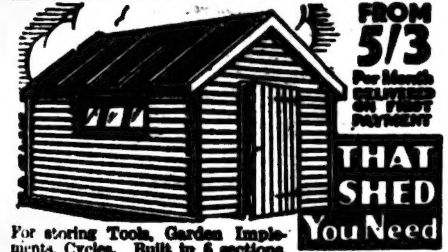

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THAT SHED You Need

For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles. Built in 6 sections, easily erected. Extra heavy weight. 25 per cent. more timber used. 20 years wear. Not cheapest but easily best value! CARRIAGE PAID (Floors extra.)

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BIG CATALOGUE of Portable Buildings FREE.

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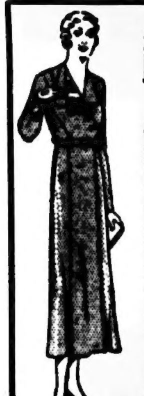
A FROCK BARGAIN



A 13/11 Model Offered at 10/6

Sent for deposit of 1/6.

Attractive Frock (K235) in all wool Crepe, effectively trimmed the new art silk stripe. Smart lapels and tucked bodice. Skirt is hand pleated back and front and garment is completed with metal buttons and slide. Colours: Bottle Green, Cherry, Lido, Chocolate Brown or Navy. Lengths: SW42, W45 and W48 ins. Outsize: 44, 46, and 48 ins. SPECIALLY REDUCED PRICE 10/6 only. O.S 3/6 extra. Send P.O. for deposit of 1/6 and 6d. postage and pay balance 2/6 monthly. Money refunded unless quite satisfied. State requirements clearly and post order to:—

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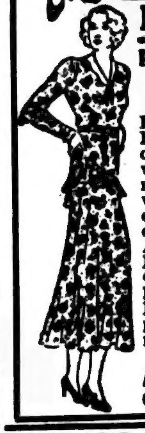

PRETTY FLORAL CREPE FROCK

Reduced from 25/11 to 12/11
Sent for Deposit of 1/6

Distinctive Frock, K255, in fine quality Floral Crepe, the bodice effectively set off with contrasting scalloped collar with cuffs to match. Sleeves are trimmed with elbow frill to match skirt, which is circular and trimmed with frill of self material. Belt is adjustable with erinoid slide. Colours: Lavender, Almond Green, Navy, Black, Brown. Lengths: 40, 42, 44, 46 ins.; O.S. 44, 46 ins. 2/- extra. Specially Reduced Price, 12/11 only. Send P.O. for Deposit of 1/6 and Postage 6d. and pay balance 2/6 monthly. Money refunded unless quite satisfied.
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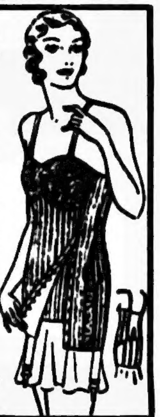
NU-STYLE Ambron CORSELETTE.



Sent on Approval for 1/-

The new and exclusive feature of this beautiful Corselette is the hinged back, which "gives" to every movement and returns with gliding smoothness. The Nu-Style is made in fine stripe pink Coutille, with soft web net brassiere front. Side fastening under-belt gives correcting "uphold" against undue fullness and down drag. Four suspenders. Full Bargain Price 8/11 only. Send Bust and Hips measures with P.O. for 1/-, and 4d. postage, and name and full address, Corselette will be sent on approval. If satisfied, balance 2/- monthly. (Sizes: 30-46 ins. Bust).

Post Order to-day to—

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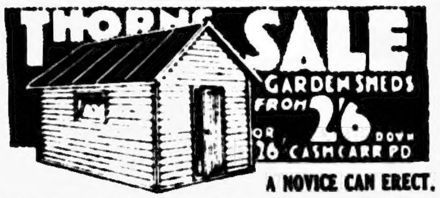
Fashionable two eyelet tie Shoe, A.S. 126, with reptile underlay on saddle. Guaranteed bend sole, leather insole, rubber top-piece to heel. Medium toe, Military heel.

In Patent, Tan Willow, Black Glace Kid, or Black Suede.

Sizes 2 to 8 and half sizes. Full price 9/11 only. Sent on appro. for deposit of 1/-, balance 2/- monthly. Send name and full address, with P.O. for 1/- and 6d. postage. Mention leather and size required. Post Order to—

AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd., Dept. S609
60, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.1

THORN'S SALE


GARDEN SHEDS FROM 2/6 DOWN OR 26/- CASH CARR PD

A NOVICE CAN ERECT.

Sent carriage paid. Complete ready for use. 6 sections to bolt together. ⅝-in. planed moulded weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt dispatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Sale Price.			
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£1.17.0	or	3 2	Monthly.
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	£2.11.0	or	4 4	Monthly.
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£3.12.0	or	6 2	Monthly.

Carr. paid. **Send for Special Sale Catalogue No. 46** of Sheds 26/-, Garages 70/-, Army Huts, etc. Huge reductions. 1,500 sizes and designs. Delivery to door arranged anywhere.

J. THORN & SONS, Ltd. (Box 46) Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath. Kent.

WEAR FOR YEARS

EQUAL TO ANY SHOES AT 12/6.

Fine Willow Oxford Shoe, solid leather through middle sole, stitched for strength, with extra thick soles and heels of natural CREPE RUBBER. Extremely comfortable, well made, perfectly finished. An ideal shoe for Golf, Hiking, Sports and general wear. Outlast 3 pairs at double the price! BLACK OR BROWN. **Superior Self-filling FOUNTAIN PEN FREE with every order!**

5/3 Sizes 6 to 11.

SuperQuality 2/- extra
Sizes 2 to 5, 4/9.
Sizes 11 to 1, 4/-. *By post, 6d. ext. or C.O.D.*

With Brown or Black DURIDE Soles 1/- extra.
Also Ladies' one bar, or Brogue Tongued, 5/11, plus post.
J.B. CROYDON STORES, 2 b, Derby Rd., CROYDON

SERVICE BOOTS

Stout Waterproof Derby Boot, grained uppers, solid leather double soles. Screwed, stitched and bradded. Extra tips on toe and heel for double strength. Ideal heavy working boot, built for hard wear, 8/9. All sizes 5 to 11. 12's and 13's 1/- extra.

BRITISH BOOT CO.
(Dept. J.B.), 9, Chapel St.,
Islington, London, N.1.

FREE
GIFT WITH EVERY ORDER
A Splendid Self-filling Fountain Pen.

State Size Required **8/9**
(Post 1/- ex.)
C.O.D. if preferred.

BABY-CLOTHES

MODERN SHORT LENGTHS, or USUAL LONG-CLOTHES **30/-**

(Everything necessary and ready for use.)

75 beautiful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Wincey, Day Gowns, L'cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nighties, Wrapper Vests, Back Flannels, Hand-knitted Wool Matinee Coats, Binders, Feeders, Large Turk Napkins, etc. **PURCHASERS** Write: "Highly satisfied." "Beyond my highest hopes." "Excellent materials and make." "A bargain I shall certainly recommend." "Worth £5," Etc.

SEND **2/-** FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL (Cash or Terms)
Mrs. J.B. Howard, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

Pleasure in Print

90 Sq. Feet 15/-
Carriage paid England & Wales

Read these Letters

"I wish to thank you for the Luxoleum, and I am more than satisfied, as it is a good bargain."—A. C., Enfield.
"I have just laid down your Luxoleum, and am very pleased with it."—J. S., Swansea.

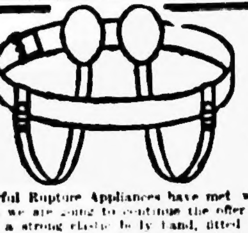
Originals can be seen.

These few words speak for themselves—and for the amazing satisfaction that Luxoleum gives. LUXOLEUM is damp- and rot-proof and in patterns suitable for any floor. Also for stair covering. Without exaggeration, it is the finest value offered to-day. Send NOW—AT ONCE—for big range of FREE SAMPLES.

HALL'S LUXOLEUM

A. J. HALL & Co., 9, Howards Buildings, Central Street, Old Street, London, E.C.1

10/- SINGLE Postage 4d.



15/- DOUBLE Postage 4d.

These wonderful Rupture Appliances have met with such response that we are going to continue the offer of them. Consisting of a strong elastic body band, fitted with soft unpuncturable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are without doubt the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once stating size round body, and whether left, right or double rupture.

A Customer writes: "Please send another appliance as before. I have found it the best I have ever had in my 45 years' experience."

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

LONDON SURGICAL COMPANY (Dpt. J.B.4)
22, Gt. James St., Bedford Row, London, W.C.1

ALL THE RAGE!

THE NEW ROLL COLLAR Close Fitting PULLOVER

Superior Self-filling FOUNTAIN PEN FREE with every order!

Beautifully made from warm, cosy woollen material with double roll collar, close fitting ribbed cuffs and waistband. As now worn for general winter wear, Sports, Walking, Hiking, Camping, etc. Suitable for men and women.

3/6 EACH
By post 6d. extra or C.O.D.
Also supplied each 2/11.

Supplied in the following popular colours:—
Dark Blue, Maroon, Fawn, Grey, Bottle.
State chest measure and colour when ordering.
In Sleeveless style, By post 6d. extra.

J. B. CROYDON STORES, 2/b, DERBY ROAD, CROYDON.

GREAT CLEARANCE of 10/6 Trousers for only 4/6

FREE PULLOVER With every pair

Think of it! **Trousers and Pullover for only 4/6, post 9d.!** The trousers are smartly tailored, well cut on stylish lines, and strongly made in hard-wearing material. Dark Grey ground with neat stripe effect, two strong side pockets. If you don't consider these Trousers an amazing bargain we will refund cash at once. Our Sensational Bargain Price is 4/6 with free pullover! Post and packing 9d. extra, one or two pairs. C.O.D. if preferred. Stock sizes (32 to 44 ins. waist). Also **Super quality Strong Whipcord, 5/6 with Gift.** Post and packing 9d.

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY

DON'T PAY MORE.

Smart Weather-Resisting Shoes, with uppers of exact appearance of imitation grained leather. Stout rubber soles, warranted 3-8ths in. thick to give amazingly long wear. Solid rubber heels. Wide welts. Full protection guaranteed against rain and snow. Warmly lined. Black or Brown, Men's sizes 5 to 12; also Ladies' & Boys'

2/6
Post 9d.
Note Actual Thickness of Sole

Satisfaction or money back. Sent C.O.D. if preferred.

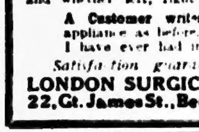
ROSE BROS. (Dept. J.B.) 69, CHURCH ST., CROYDON.

DELIVERED FREE

TO YOUR DOOR IN OUR LORRIES.

Or Carriage Paid your Station England or Wales.

STRAND GREENHOUSES from 57/6



ft.	£	s.	d.
7x5	2	17	6
9x6	3	17	6
10x7	4	15	0
12x8	6	12	6
15x9	8	0	0
20x10	11	0	0

Substantially constructed, everything complete. Best horticultural glass and sufficient paint for one coat after erection.

THE MARVEL HUT

ft.	ft.	ft.	£	s.	d.
4 x	4 x	6½	1	2	6
5 x	4 x	6½	1	5	0
6 x	4 x	6½	1	10	0
7 x	5 x	7	2	7	6
9 x	6 x	7	2	17	6
10 x	6 x	7	3	10	0

Constructed in sections simply screw together. Extra strong framework. Roof felted, all complete. *For Easy Payments see Cat.*

FREE—The GARDENERS' & POULTRY-KEEPERS' GUIDE and Illustrated Catalogue of goods made by Bath's. 196 Pages. Over 200 Illustrations.

BATH'S 3-7, SOUTHAMPTON ST., STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

LAST DAYS-*HURRY!*

£50 A WEEK

FIRST PRIZE

OR

£25,000 CASH DOWN

ENTRY FEE 6D

SECOND PRIZE £250
THIRD PRIZE £100

ORGANISED BY THE BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOCIATION —CHAIRMAN, LORD LUKE

This contest is open to all—the gigantic first prize MUST BE WON. If the winner is NOT a registered reader of the "Daily Herald" the first prize is £20,000 or £40 a week for life. If the winner IS a registered reader the first prize is increased to £25,000 or £50 a week for life. You can become a registered reader and so become eligible for the extra £5,000 or increased LIFE PENSION by filling in the Registration Forms which will be found in the "Daily Herald."

LAST FEW DAYS! CATCH THE NEXT POST

A FEW minutes of your time to-day may be worth a princely pension of £50 a week for life or the handsome fortune of £25,000 cash down—whichever you prefer! Fortune is knocking at your door. Don't let it knock in vain. You must Hurry! Hurry!! Hurry!!! or you'll be too late!

The colossal "On-to-Prosperity" Contest to help the hospitals closes on March 21st. A few days more—and the gigantic prize—comfort and independence for a lifetime—which is now within your grasp will be gone!

All you are asked to do is to select the 12 best out of the 28 Prosperity Slogans on the Entry Form on the right. Indicate your choice by placing 12 crosses only in each entry column you complete. There is no order of merit required. Use your judgment and skill and win a fortune.

The full amount of the prize-money and the pension offered in this great contest is guaranteed by the "Daily Herald," and every penny of the profits will be distributed by The British Charities Association amongst Hospitals throughout the country.

Every Entry column completed provides you with a golden opportunity to win a world's record first prize.

A HANDSOME "SURPRISE" OFFERED TO EVERY ENTRANT!

Every entrant who completes the six entries on the form on the right will receive a handsome "surprise" suitable for either a lady or a gentleman.
Send six entries and see what the postman will bring you —it's worth it!

Remember this great contest definitely closes on Tuesday, March 21—between now and then somebody will send in an entry that will win a wonderful fortune. £50 a Week for Life!—£25,000 Cash down!—Which will you have? Take up your pen and enter on the form on the right. It's Now or Never! Hurry!

LAST FEW DAYS

Catch the next Post!

HURRY! CLOSING TUESDAY, MARCH 21

DAILY HERALD GREAT 'ON-TO-PROSPERITY' CONTEST TO HELP THE HOSPITALS !

FOR LIFE

ENTRY FORM. CUT ALONG HERE

Choose the best Twelve of the 28 Slogans below by placing a X against those selected in the blank spaces provided on the right. Each column represents one sixpenny entry. INSERT TWELVE CROSSES ONLY IN EACH COLUMN YOU COMPLETE—OR YOU WILL BE DISQUALIFIED. No order of merit is required. Ink must be used.

		One Entry 6d. ↓	Two Entries 1/- ↓	Three Entries 1/6 ↓	Four Entries 2/- ↓	Five Entries 2/6 ↓	Six Entries 3/- ↓
1	Buy more—and help more to buy more.						
2	Knuckle to—don't knuckle under.						
3	Never mind the business outlook—look out for business.						
4	Use idle money and employ the idle many.						
5	The air of confidence is the finest trade wind.						
6	Will good—and goodwill will follow.						
7	A peace policy is the world's life insurance.						
8	Spend for Prosperity—don't hoard for posterity.						
9	Optimism pays you—pessimism makes you pay.						
10	Help the Hospitals—national health means national wealth.						
11	The tide turns at low water as well as high.						
12	If more work for better times—there'll be more work for all.						
13	Prosperity—will it come ? Yes, "will" it.						
14	More spending, more working—more working, more spending.						
15	Kill War debts—revive the world.						
16	Spend wisely now and you'll get a good "deal."						
17	Come down from the clouds and help to lift them !						
18	Pay well—it will pay you !						
19	Let's put Prosperity "on the map" of Britain.						
20	The highway to Prosperity is through every tradesman's door.						
21	Don't wait for Better Times—work for them.						
22	Create confidence by having it.						
23	Trying times are times to try.						
24	Good-bye, gloom—come on, boom !						
25	Determination will bring Prosperity AT last—TO last !						
26	Spenders make money go round—circulation means Prosperity.						
27	Get back by pushing forward.						
28	It'll be a good job for everyone if you find a job for someone.						

You can use this form for one or more entries, but must send entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Insert twelve crosses only in each column you complete. No order of merit required.

I agree to abide by the Rules and enclose

P.O. Number........................ Value........................ covering........................ entries

P.O. is crossed /& Co./ and is made payable to the British Charities Association. (Please write clearly in ink.)

Please see that your envelope is sufficiently stamped.

NAME..

ADDRESS ....

(Block Letters) .... J.B.8.

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRIES (Dept. J.B. 8), THE BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOCIATION, 103, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Rules & Conditions

(1) Entry Form must be filled in as directed in ordinary ink and must not be mutilated or altered. TWELVE CROSSES ONLY must be written in the blank spaces provided in any one column used.

(2) Spaces for up to Six entries have been provided on this form, and the subscription for the competition is sixpence per entry. Postage stamps cannot be accepted in payment of the entry money. Entries may only be made on printed forms provided.

(3) In the case of a competitor sending in insufficient money to cover all the entries made by him, the Association will treat such number of his entries as would be covered by the entry money received as proper entries in the Competition, the remaining entries being disqualified. The entries eligible to be selected will be from No. 1 upwards to the total of the entry fee paid.

(4) Entrants must write their name and usual address on each Entry Form, and all completed Entry Forms must be neatly cut out and sent by the competitor to Dept. J.B., THE BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOCIATION, 103, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

(5) After the close of the Competition the list of 28 slogans will be submitted to a Committee of Experts, who will decide the best Twelve. The competitor whose twelve selections in any one entry column agree or most nearly agree with the decision of this Committee will as stated in rule 6 be awarded the first prize, the next nearest will receive the second prize, and so on. The entries will be checked under the supervision of Messrs. Hugh Macrae and Co., Chartered Accountants, London.

(6) In the event of a tie or ties, the prizes so affected will be combined and divided. If the first prize of £20,000 is divided the additional award of £5,000 will also be divided, and only such shares of the additional £5,000 paid to the prize-winners as are won by registered readers of the "Daily Herald." No entrant can win more than one prize or one share of any prize. The alternative Life Pension Prize will be awarded at the option of the winner if the first prize is won outright by one competitor. Should the first prize be shared it will be paid outright in cash.

(7) The British Charities Association reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which its Council considers good and sufficient and the decision of the Council of the Association upon any point whatsoever shall be accepted as final and legally binding. The Association takes no responsibility for any entry form lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

(8) Employees of The British Charities Association, the "Daily Herald," and its associated Companies and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

(9) The closing date is Tuesday, March 21st, but competitors are requested to send in their entries as early as possible. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the "Daily Herald" on a day to be announced, and every prize-winner will be individually notified.

The complete list of prize-winners will be sent to any competitor who sends a stamped addressed wrapper or label (NOT envelope) to The British Charities Association for this purpose.

(10) Failure to comply with any of the above rules involves disqualification.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

Further Entry Forms appear daily in the "Daily Herald."

It's easy to be well dressed FREE . . when you smoke Black Cat

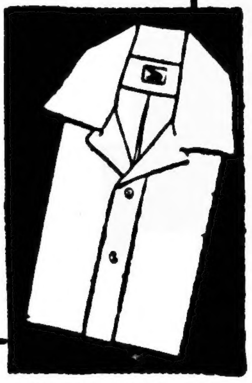
TENNIS SHIRT

A 'Cambridge Quality' Production

Sports neck model. From Horrockes Mercerised cream poplin.

Sizes: Neckband: — 14, 14½, 15, 15½, 16, 16½. Please state neckband required.

FREE for smoking only 40 packets of Black Cat Red Band 20's = 200 coupons



FLANNEL TROUSERS

A 'Cambridge Quality' Production

British-made. Fully cut on best West End principal. Obtainable in 39 fittings. NOW INCLUDING YOUTHS. Be sure to state whether FASHIONABLE SILVER or MEDIUM GREY shade required, and give WAIST and INSIDE LEG measurements.

Inside Leg	Waist								
25 ins.	26	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
26 ins.	26"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
27 ins.	26"	28"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
28 ins.	—	28"	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
29 ins.	—	28"	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
30 ins.	—	—	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
31 ins.	—	—	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
32 ins.	—	—	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	—	—

Youths' Sizes (shown in light figures above) now available.

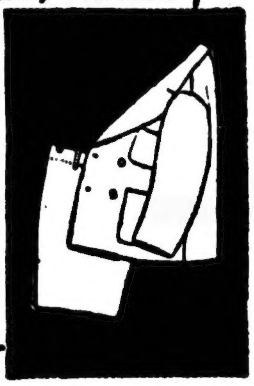
FREE for smoking only 40 packets of Black Cat Red Band 20's=200 coupons . .

FLANNEL SUIT For Boys . . .

A 'Cambridge Quality' Production

Well cut jacket and double seated shorts, in medium grey flannel, sizes 000 to 9. State size required and chest measurement.

FREE for smoking only 60 packets of Black Cat Red Band 20's = 300 coupons.



MEN'S CABLE STITCH WOOLLEN SLIP-OVER

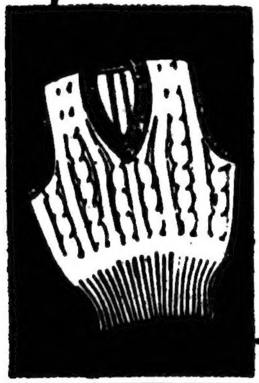
A 'Cambridge' Quality Production

Conforms to the latest idea in Sports Wear. It leaves the arms free and is a great favourite with Sportsmen. In grey and maroon. In sizes — Chest 34", 36", 38", 40".

Please state chest measurement over waistcoat.

Please state colour and size required.

FREE for smoking only 55 packets of Black Cat Red Band 20's = 275 coupons



SINGLE-BREASTED SPORTS JACKET

A 'Cambridge Quality' Production

Button three, D.B. lapels. Outside breast-pocket. Seam back, no vent. EXCLUSIVE patterns in BROWN check or GREY check.

Chest measurements: 32", 34", 35", 36", 37", 38", 39", 40", 42".

(Chest measurements must be taken OVER waistcoat and not over jacket). Please state size and shade required.

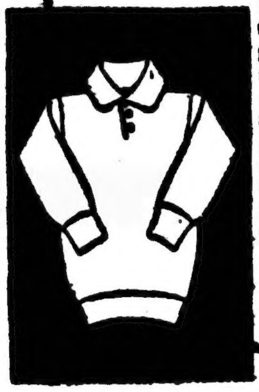
FREE for smoking only 120 packets of Black Cat Red Band 20's=600 coupons . .

BOYS' WOOLLEN JERSEY . .

A 'Cambridge Quality' Production

Specially knitted to fit. In grey, brown, saxe blue or scarlet. Available in sizes: 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Please state colour and size required.

FREE for smoking only 30 packets of Black Cat Red Band 20's = 150 coupons.



We strive to achieve a happy balance of sound value — good cigarettes and good gifts. For twenty-eight years our policy has been value to the public and this policy has stood the test of public approval.

smoke **Black Cat**

THE 100% PURE VIRGINIA 'QUALITY' CIGARETTE

for the finest gifts!

TESTED JB

Write for Gift Book and a 'start-off' of 5 FREE coupons to: Black Cat 'Gifts Dept.' 8, Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1.

REMEMBER THERE ARE 5 FULL VALUE COUPONS IN EVERY 20 PACKET BLACK CAT RED BAND 1/-

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ND 1/-

Without Fear or Favour

"John Bull," 11/3/33.

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

for week ending Saturday, March 11, 1933. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada,* 1d.; *all other parts of the world,* 1½d. 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

New Income Tax RAMP

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN can't go on having it both ways.

Yet that is what he is doing where the latest, and certainly one of the worst, of all income tax hardships is concerned.

We all know the type of individual who "wants it both ways"—who wants, so to speak, both to eat his cake and have it. We denounce him as a selfish, grasping person. We have nothing but contempt and condemnation for his greed.

But when it is an official Department, and not an individual, that is the villain in the piece, we are expected to accept and tolerate its avarice as something that is just and in the best interests of the State.

JOHN BULL refuses to do anything of the kind in the case of the gross injustice in the matter of income tax relief that has arisen as a result of the unemployment benefits Means Test.

It is this: Our have-it-both-ways official gentry are now saying that a person can be a dependant for the purpose of Unemployment Relief, but, at the same time, is not a dependant for the purpose of income tax.

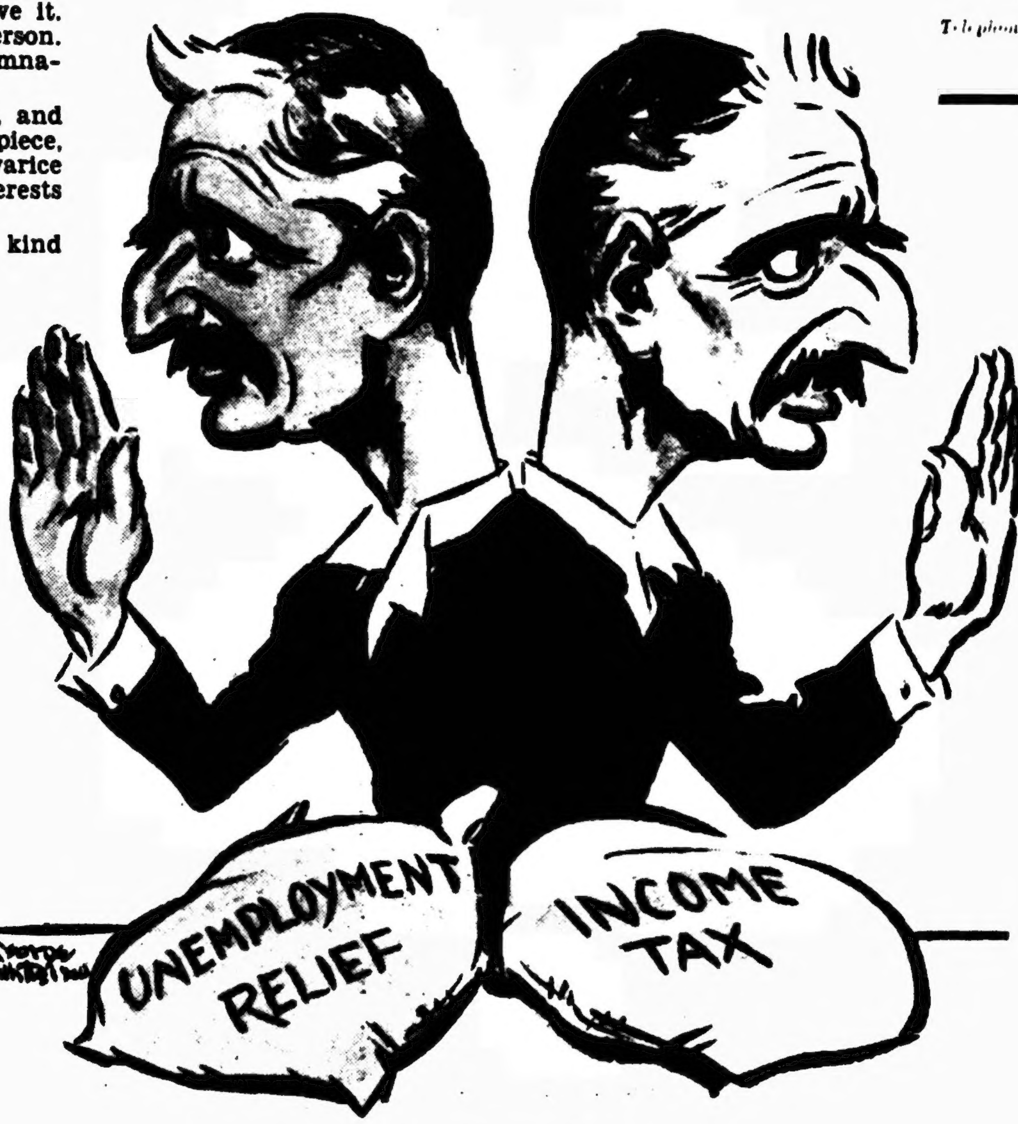
Did you ever hear such paradoxical nonsense?

Well, a good many readers of JOHN BULL have heard it recently from the tax collector.

Take the case of a motor mechanic, of Leicester, who is earning £2 17s. 6d. a week and is the family's sole breadwinner. He has to keep his father, mother and two young brothers; the father, who is unemployed, having been refused further relief under the Means Test on the ground that his son was earning sufficient to provide for him.

Yet when the son claimed the dependent relative relief from income tax it was refused, as the father is a healthy man and is only fifty-seven.

Why? Because the income tax regulations lay it down that the dependent relative allowance of £25 a year—meagre enough in any case—is payable only if the relative concerned is prevented from earning his or her own livelihood by reason of infirmity or is over sixty-five years of age.



That's a dependant—that wasn't!

Or, consider the plight of a young Lewisham shop assistant whose father died three years ago, leaving a widow and three children.

THIS widow, as the result of her bereavement, was forced to obtain employment, but afterwards fell out of work, and was eventually refused further unemployment relief under the Means Test for the reason that her eldest daughter, a shop assistant, was able to support her.

But when the daughter applied for dependent relative relief from income tax she could not get it, as her mother was not physically incapacitated nor had she reached the age of sixty-five.

If that doesn't melt Mr. Chamberlain's heart, then let him ponder over the hardship of a Whitehaven coal-miner, who was an orphan and has been brought up by his uncle, also a miner.

The uncle, who is sixty-four, is unemployed and has recently been refused further unemployment benefit because his nephew supports him.

The nephew is living with his uncle and aunt, and, apart from the small parish relief they receive, provides the necessities for the home.

He claimed the dependent relative relief in respect of his uncle from his last half-yearly tax assessment, but was denied it because his uncle was not infirm and was not prevented—since he is just a year under the age limit—from earning his own living by reason of old age.

We all know that Mr. Chamberlain is at the moment scratching his head to find ways and means by which he can reduce the crushing burden of income tax. And we all hope he finds them. But, whether he does or not, he should not hesitate to end the gross injustice of dependent relative relief and the Means Test to which we have referred. It is nothing short of a cruel official ramp.

And, while he is about it, let him earn the nation's thanks by tackling income tax reform generally.

The whole system of personal and family allowances and reliefs needs drastic revision. The allowances, as they stand, are totally inadequate.

There are, for instance, many genuine cases where the child relief could be extended. Relief is given for illegitimate children where they are legally adopted. The Inspectors of Taxes do not, however, go out of their way to pass on this information, and invariably refuse any claim where an illegitimate child is concerned.

There should be a reasonable allowance, too, for doctors' fees where these can be substantiated. At present no such relief is granted, and cases like that of a Carlisle boot repairer, with an invalid wife, who spends over £50 annually on necessary medical attention and nursing fees, illustrate the hardship of the taxpayer who is called upon to pay tax upon part of his income which is ear-marked and as good as spent for as long as his wife remains an invalid.

The housekeeper allowance of £50 also needs a complete overhaul. It is restricted to widowers and widows who employ housekeepers, but does not apply to unmarried persons unless they have living with them a mother or other female relative for the purpose of looking after a young brother or sister.

Yet there are many single men and women who, owing to business ties, have to employ a housekeeper to look after an invalid parent. They are definitely people to whom relief should be extended.

Another sore point with many taxpayers is the question of relief for expenses incurred in travelling to and from work. Always this is refused, yet there are many instances in which this is a definite hardship, like those of workmen engaged on contract work who are compelled to travel many miles from their homes.

The British taxpayer has always paid up willingly, but nothing rankles him more than to have his own personal considerations ignored.

THE original basis of the personal and family allowances from income tax was that they should cover the cost of "living necessities," it being a principle of good taxation that income tax must not encroach upon the cost of living necessities.

How far that basis has been deviated from and unjustly encroaches upon the living necessities of the taxpayer is patent from the cases we have quoted. And they are only a few out of thousands.

Our whole income tax system is obsolete. It needs scrapping and replacing. Both processes can and should be put into effect by Mr. Chamberlain in his coming Budget.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

The Great Floods Mustn't Happen Again

THE great floods have subsided, but the agitation for steps to prevent them happening again must not be allowed to subside. It won't be, so far as JOHN BULL is concerned.

One of these days there will be a catastrophe. beside which the havoc of the recent floods will be negligible.

No one ever dreamed that Thames Embankment basement dwellers would one day be drowned like rats in a hole.

But it happened.

Take warning

It will happen again if the authorities concerned continue to look on complacently and do nothing while vast areas of the countryside are desolated and human lives imperilled.

In the recent floods the East Midlands were swamped by a great lake which stretched for eighty miles between Northampton and Wisbech. Yorkshire suffered severely. The Thames Valley was, as usual, under water.

Villages were isolated, towns awash, thousands of families were forced to flee their homes or marooned in their upper rooms, many without food or fuel.

The remedy

Yet this great sum of human suffering and the immense material loss caused could have been avoided if the various land drainage schemes that are already prepared were put into operation.

The Government and local authorities can't make the excuse that there are not enough unemployed to do the work! Nor can they pretend that such schemes are not of national utility.

Let them get on with them.

Our safeguard

Meanwhile every reader of JOHN BULL who is a victim of flood damage will at least find some consolation in the fact that this is the only newspaper that pays benefits for such damage.

It is part of our great free insurance gift, particulars of which are given on page 37.

Whitehall at its Worst

A Persecuted Invalid

"Villages isolated, towns awash, families marooned . . ." And still the Government makes no effort to prevent it all

Whitehall's worst

To see officialdom at its harshest, go to the Ministry of Pensions.

A Burnley ex-soldier applied for an increased award. He was told that there were "no grounds for thinking" that his pension was less than the official rate and that "no further action could be taken."

We intervened and he has been granted the increase to which he was entitled.

But how much longer will the Minister, Major Tryon, allow his officials to treat disabled men in this way?

Coming crisis

The mining industry is once more drifting towards upheaval. And the drift can be stopped only if machinery is set up to fix wages on a national basis.

So long as district agreements are permitted, one district will undercut another in prices and find the money by cutting the miners' wages.

With a national agreement there could be fair prices, no cut-throat competition, and fair wages.

Through his hat

Sir Oswald Mosley is a bright young man, but he doesn't shine to advantage when he talks about using "Fascist machine-guns."

Germany to-day shows us what can happen if people like Sir Oswald are let loose with machine-guns. We don't want any of them here—not even Sir Oswald if he can't keep his head cool.

Harassing the sick

Wanted—fairplay for panel patients. They are not getting it at present, owing to the Ministry of Health's "economy" mania One woman was recently refused the dressings she required and had to buy them herself. Then, after being in bed for three days with a high temperature, she was told the doctor couldn't come again, so she would have to get up and go to his surgery.

After she had been "on the panel" for a week, an inspector called to see if she was malingering.

There's a difference between catching spongers and persecuting invalids. Presumably the Ministry can't see it.

Perfect peace

Mr. Miki, of Japan, met Mr. Ho, of China, at a London tennis tournament the other day. No, there wasn't a riot.

"That spot of bother out East is very silly," said the diplomatic Mr. Miki. "Shall we have a drink?" "Certainly," said Mr. Ho. And have a drink they did.

What a pity they didn't represent their respective Governments at Geneva!

Crazy politics

Many old British ships are being scrapped. But our shipbreaking yards are not getting the work.

You see, a heavy duty must be paid here, so the vessels are sent abroad to be broken up. Yet the scrap metal that results can be imported duty-free!

Thus we are hit both ways. But the Board of Trade doesn't seem to have realised it yet.

Lop-sided law

A woman appealed to quarter sessions against a fine of £10. She won—and was then handed a bill of costs for £1,000.

For though a man convicted at assizes or quarter sessions can appeal for nothing, if he appeals against a local magistrate's decision he has to pay the costs himself—and usually they're extremely high.

Mr. Turton, M.P., is bringing in a Bill to remove this injustice. Parliament shouldn't think twice about passing it.

A sea hero

In the height of a blizzard the Fleetwood fishing smack, *Gypsy Queen*, was sinking.

Her sails were torn to ribbons, water poured through a hole in her side, and the crew were suffering from injuries and frostbite.

Such occasions call for a man, and James Harkus was that man. He hung over the side of the vessel despite mountainous seas and plugged the hole with rope so that the *Gypsy Queen* could limp home.

We gladly find space to record his plucky deed.

Modesty's fall

We're glad the Mayor of Blackburn has finally lost.

The sheets which modestly veiled the nude statues on the staircase of the town hall have now been removed by order of the town council. And this despite the Mayor's protest that the statues insulted his wife.

We suggest that she averts her eyes in future and does not patronise art galleries.

Pulling his leg

Alderman E. L. Wallis, of Hereford, is eighty years old and a magistrate. He doesn't like posters that depict lightly-clad girls, and he regrets that "magistrates have no power over the exhibitions in drapers' shop windows."

A drapery firm has replied by a window display labelled, "For ladies and magistrates only."

"The alderman regrets ——" You bet he does!

Much ado about a poker

A Yorkshire school wanted a new poker, but the authorities wrote three letters on the subject before agreeing to the order. Then the poker was delivered by motor lorry, though it could have been bought at a shop opposite the school for sixpence.

Now we don't believe in the usual sort of education economy, but we'd drop the Axe quite gladly on somebody concerned with that poker.

Antidote

Old-fashioned parents must have been shocked by the Salford magistrate.

A girl of seventeen was charged with fraud, and was said by her mother to be restless because she had to be home by ten o'clock at night.

"That's a bit too strict," said the stipendiary, "for it prevents her from going to the second house at the 'pictures.'" So he discharged her!

Well, after so many Dismal Jimmies have told us that films are responsible for the increase in crime, we're glad to find a magistrate who thinks that they prevent it.

The modern manna

Last week a tiny Staffordshire village, Flash, was still completely cut off by snow Days of starvation faced the inhabitants.

Then a Buxton woman, Miss Hodgkinson, chartered an aeroplane to drop food into the village. But she was told that this could not be done with out permission of the Air Ministry— lengthy business.

Miss Hodgkinson appealed personal to the Ministry and got permission once.

Congratulations to the Ministry on promptitude. And many more co gratulations to Miss Hodgkinson.

Roll of honour

Just one more story of the gre snowfalls.

Two Sheffield postmen, knowing th the mails for outlying districts include medicine for a sick person, determine to deliver them. The snow in plac was too thick for walking, so the threw themselves down and rolled the direction they wanted to go!

Completely lost at times, the struggled on for seventeen hours an then collapsed—a feat that should brought to the notice of the P.M.G.

The meanest man

The most despicable rogue we kno is Thomas F. Fletcher, the former lieving officer of Bradford.

He embezzled money which shou have been paid to the deserving poo and even made out fictitious vouche to get goods from grocers.

Now he has gone to jail for twel months with hard labour. We hope is really hard.

Non-stop talkies

They seem to have started non-s talkies in the Borough Council Cha ber at Leyton.

Recently the members talked so mu that when the time came to turn the light and go to bed they had authorised the payment of wages.

So the council employees, includ school teachers, got their money days late. Leyton could very well with a few strong, silent men.

Who said that?

A man at Portsmouth applied for reduction in the maintenance ord payable to his former wife. He has keep their child, himself and his seco wife on 24s. a week.

The first wife opposed the applic tion, though she has married a man w earns twice as much. When the ord was reduced to a nominal sixpence week, she said it might be given to t poor-box. That's good. But who sa "the woman always pays"?

Red-tape or cynicism?

"You can't get blood from a ston may be a very old saying, but a lot local officials don't seem to have hea of it yet.

A Suffolk man, summoned for no payment of poor rates, has to ke seven people on 35s. a week. out which he pays 10s. rent, 2s. 6d. insu ance, and 3s. 6d. for a delicate child.

The rating authorities were advis by the magistrates to excuse the rat But why should they have to be giv such obvious advice?

His own trumpet

Leicester magistrates are still wagi war on hawkers. One poor devil w was fined for hawking celery inspi the Lord Mayor, Councillor Hawkes. remark: "All the brains are amongst the hawkers. Some of Hawkes have them also."

What Councillor Hawkes forgets that people who have brains should boast about them.

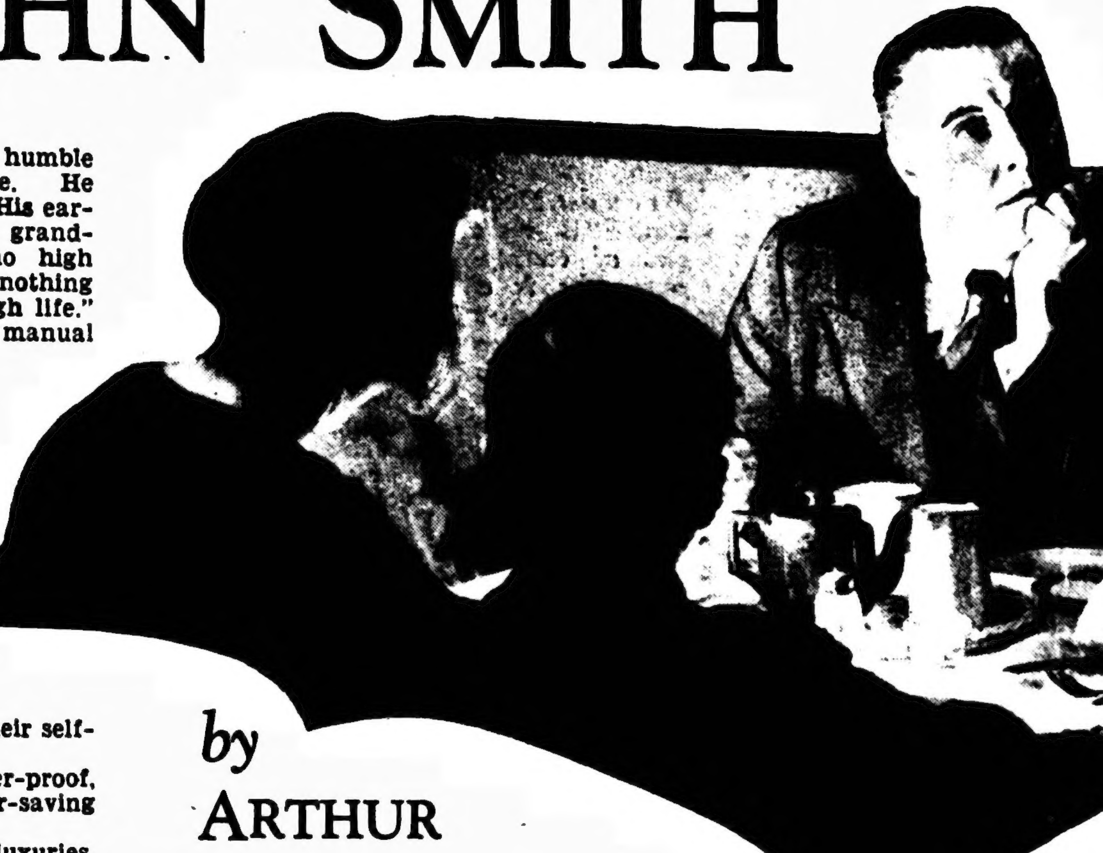
Odd business

The latest stunt of the First Mo gage Co-operative Investment Trus often criticised in JOHN BULL—is connection with a "Pall Mall Build Society."

This business is said to be paying per cent., tax free, on its shares, but doesn't appear in the usual works reference, and its address is the sa as the Trust's. In other words, read should leave it alone.

SH!
It's a great secret
John Bull's Wonderful New Surprise is coming shortly

The Strange Case of JOHN SMITH



John Smith is puzzled. The world, which is full of his brothers and sisters, isn't giving him a square deal . .

by ARTHUR GREENWOOD, M.P.,

Ex-Minister of Health

MY friend, John Smith, is a humble person, like millions more. He boasts no proud lineage. His earliest memory is of his grandparents. He occupies no high social position. He knows nothing about what is called "high life." He is, again, like the bulk of his fellows, a manual worker. John has a wife and family.

Now, to me John Smith and his wife and family are the symbol of our national problems. The nation is all the people. The vast majority of the people are Smith families.

What is it John wants? He doesn't want to be a millionaire. He doesn't want to be a Member of Parliament, or a member of a town or county council. He wants to be sure that he and his wife and family enjoy a decent life. They want sufficient food—and regularly, too!

They want clothes, not merely to cover their nakedness, but to maintain their self-respect.

They want a decent home—weather-proof, comfortable, with elbow room, with labour-saving devices, a home properly furnished.

They want to enjoy little harmless luxuries, and have a holiday in the summer.

They want to be secure against want, disablement, accident and old age.

These are modest human needs, and John Smith, in order to get them, is willing to do as much work as is needed to earn them. I know he may have a wicked step-brother who would much prefer to enjoy life without working for it. Such people are to be found in all ranks of society! But John and his kind are decent fellows who would be glad to work in order to get what they need to make life bearable for themselves and their families. The trouble is they can't do it.

IT is really a topsy-turvy world in which people—hungry, shabby, badly shod and badly housed—are anxious to work for food, clothing and shelter, yet are not allowed to do so.

How is the Government solving this question?

In the first place, it kept its eye on the gold standard. It told the electors that if we came off the gold pedestal there would follow ruin for everybody. But one Sunday, when the Prime Minister was at Chequers and his colleagues scattered in their country homes, the sacred pound took to flight. As it happened, it proved to be a good thing. But that was not due to the "National" Government.

The truth is that what the country is suffering from is "money mania." It has a bee in its bonnet about money. Perhaps it is not to be blamed, because the money-mongers have mesmerised the people on the money question.

A good deal of our trouble arises from the fact that we now think in terms of money instead of in terms of things that money exists to enable us to buy.

In the second place, the Government—inspired to some extent by the bankers—has infected the country with another kind of mania—"economania." The idea is an old one. It is that of feeding the dog off its own tail. We are poor, it is said, because we have been spending too much. (This is the old money mania over again.) Therefore we must spend less. So large schemes of constructive work must be cut down or stopped altogether.

The net result of this ridiculously short-sighted policy has been that men have not been employed on these works. Their power to buy the things they need has been reduced, and the circle of employment has been further narrowed.

It ought to be as plain as a pikestaff that "economania" is folly.

Pull down wages and you pile up unemployment figures. Keep up wages and you keep up purchasing power. Carry out big, useful schemes and you keep up purchasing power.

Let us stop thinking in terms of money and consider the work that needs doing—work which will make the country more efficient and provide it with new assets.

Mills, factories, warehouses ought to be brought up to date. The docks and railways ought to be overhauled and modernised.

Towns ought to be properly provided with water, gas and electricity, with efficient public buildings, with schools and hospitals and houses, with abattoirs and markets. The land ought to be more fully and more efficiently worked.

These things ought to be done because they are vital in the interests of national efficiency. This ought to be the time when we institute a stocktaking and put our affairs in order, so as to be ready when the opportunity arises for a great development of trade to utilise it to the full.

If wages can be kept up, if useful work can be put in hand, we shall be helping to get the wheels of trade moving more rapidly. After all, this country's greatest market is its own. Our home market with over forty million consumers is our richest and best.

We can't expect a healthy home market if "economy" is to put people on the streets and purblind industrialists are to be allowed to cut wages to the bone.

THE policy of maintaining wage standards and developing our national resources is the only sane policy for to-day. So let us disregard the "money-mongers" and the "economaniacs," and get on with the job of dealing with realities.

Hard-shelled business men know now that when poverty is imposed on poverty, practically everybody suffers.

Then there are other things which ought to be done. We have to remember that this is not the only country where unemployment is a serious question. There are thirty million workless people in the big industrial countries of the world.

Here we are, a country where large numbers of people have lived for two generations and more by sending things to other countries. Coal, cotton and machinery of various kinds are cases in point. If the people in these lands are poor, they cannot buy as many of our products. Every shopkeeper in the devastated mining area knows now that poverty for the worker means poverty to the shopkeeper.

We have, therefore, in order to get people back to work in this country, to do all we can to improve the prosperity of other people.

It is silly nowadays, after we have had a four years' war which shook the world, and has proved to be a dismal economic failure, to waste our substance on preparations for another.

Let us, therefore, do everything we can to get rid of this stupid expenditure on destructive weapons of war. In other words, we must press for disarmament. A nation that spends less on armaments has more to spend on fuel and clothing.

Let us also get rid of the equally stupid war debts and reparations. They impoverish peoples and hamper trade.

Let us get rid of other absurd things like tariffs, which are strangling world trade.

But there is an even bigger question. The newspapers of late have been full of the marvellous powers of production now within our grasp.

If goods can be produced and people are prepared to produce them, there is not the remotest reason why the goods should not be forthcoming.

GET rid of the "money idea." Think in terms of things. There is no reason why willing labour and the means of life should not be brought together.

It may mean that great changes will have to be made to bring these things about.

But if we keep John Smith in our mind, and his modest needs and the power of man and Nature to satisfy them, we can, I am certain, get over our troubles, and see that Smith and his wife and family get a fair chance in life.

I come back every time to plain John Smith. The world is his world. He ought to get a square deal in it. He can if he cares. The world is full of his brothers and sisters. They can get a square deal if they care. The power to produce exists abundantly. But it has to be organised and utilised with one object—that of supplying people's needs.

A number of prominent religious leaders recently issued a statement on the present economic distress.

"We are profoundly impressed," they say, "by the visible abundance of the world's actual wealth of supplies. We refuse to believe that, where material resources and technical skill exist in such plenty, it is past man's wit or zeal so to adjust the distribution of that wealth as to satisfy true human needs."

Such a declaration is one which ought not to be ignored.

What about it, John Smith?

"INCURABLE"—

Brenda Dean Paul—" a mere girl of twenty-four, she is a human derelict for whom nothing can be done"

BRENDA DEAN PAUL has been declared "incurable."

The twenty-four-year-old girl whose slavery to drugs has brought her such unenviable notoriety during the last year or two has had sentence of doom passed on her by the doctors.

The tragedy of a wasted life—at twenty-four—is complete.

Just as complete is the moral of this girl's gradual but relentless downfall to something worse than death.

Hers is an appalling object-lesson to the community at large, which should stir it to insist that the war against the drug traffic in London and other big cities of the country be waged with increasing vigour.

Although the facts seem very new to the general public, who had never heard of this doomed girl except as a social figure until the end of 1931, it is a tragedy that has taken ten years to complete.

Brenda Dean Paul was a mere child of fourteen when she left her parents to set up what she herself called an "establishment" of her own.

She regarded herself as a girl with an independent, unconventional outlook on life, like so many of the misguided young people of to-day.

This craving for originality at all costs did not come from her father, Sir Aubrey Dean Paul, the fifth baronet of his line, who was a conventional soldier with a distinguished Army career.

Brenda Dean Paul was temperamentally more like her mother, to whom she was devoted. Lady Dean Paul, who died quite recently, was also known as "Poldowski," the musical composer, and was the daughter of the celebrated Polish pianist, Wieniawski. She was a woman with a very modern sense of personal freedom, and quite possibly some of her ideas were inherited by the daughter.

After quitting home young Brenda Dean Paul ran a small flat of her own on the £2 a week allowance she was granted by her parents, and afterwards supplemented this modest income by working as a young actress on tour.

Then, as a girl of seventeen, she first experienced the devilish "kick" of morphine. She has always maintained that she did so on medical advice, to deaden the severe abdominal pains to which she was subject at times.

She had a definite urge towards making a habit of it when, a year later, she allowed herself to be dazzled by a fatuous, swollen-headed "set" which was just gaining notoriety as "Bright Young People."

She went to Tahiti, the South Sea island painted in romantic colours by so many popular novelists, but was soon back in London among the set that could not be otherwise than a bad influence on a girl of her unstable disposition.

Escape from—?

Many of the set were young degenerates who had ideas of smartness that were all their own. It was smart to burn the candle at the middle as well as at both ends. It was even smarter to "drink yourself under the table."

It was smarter still to get a bubble reputation as a drug-taker, and show how you could snap your fingers at the authorities by producing morphine, cocaine, heroin and opium to whoever might like to try it—to get some other young man or woman to "fall" for the habit.

It was in such perverted company that Brenda Dean Paul found herself when the dangerous habit she was beginning to cultivate was one that any doctor could have coped with successfully.

When the drug habit had become an almost ungovernable passion with her, she herself condemned these so-called Bright Young People in words as strong as any that have ever been used to describe them. But she had found them out too late. That was perhaps the most pitiable fact in her tragedy.

When she turned to rend them in February, 1931, telling the world that she was going to the South Sea Island of Tahiti to escape from them, she knew in her heart of hearts that it was not merely vacuous young men and women she sought to avoid.

It was drugs, the torture of lying awake at night and hungering for something that she knew would kill her in the end if she continued to succumb to it. What she really sought was escape from herself.

Instead, within a fortnight of announcing her plan, she made her first appearance in a police court—summoned at Bow Street on a charge of obtaining a leather coat by false pretences.

"Friends'" crime

Prosecuting counsel himself described this affair of an unmet cheque as a mistake, and, following her discharge, Miss Paul did the obvious thing that might be expected of a person of her unstable temperament — "threw" a "Vindication Party," to which two hundred and fifty guests were invited.

Within a few weeks she had gone to three different doctors and confessed she was a morphine addict, without telling any one of them that she was receiving medical attention elsewhere. She obtained what are medically described as "curative doses" from each, the three supplies together being sufficient to hasten her on towards a drug-taker's damnation.

What is more, there were "friends" to help her with supplies—friends who have much to explain to their consciences now that she is waiting in nursing-home among doctors who describe her as incurable. Perhaps thes so-called friends have been guilty o something far worse, morally, than eve murder.

By May, 1931, not even the morphin from these several different sources wa enough to satisfy Brenda Dean Paul' hopeless craving for it.

She was driven now to sink to criminal act to get more and more. Sh even committed forgery to get it. Sh took the prescription of one of he doctors, and by the simple addition o figures turned "2 dozen tablets of grains each" into "12 dozen tablets of 3 grains each."

It was an unbelievably big dose—3 grains—for anybody but a confirme and almost incurable addict. It was sign pointing already towards the poignant end of the story. But because i was so big it aroused suspicion

One day a police inspector called o her; a fatherly, kindly man. He gav her sound, honest-to-goodness advice— and a warning that forgery was a criminal offence. Then he went away with promise that was probably fully meant

But the drug habit, once it is deep rooted, is not so easily conquered as al that. And the following Decembe Brenda Dean Paul appeared in crowded court at Bow Street, charge not only with being in possession of morphine, but of sulphate and heroin a well.

She wept, hung her head ashamedl and buried her face in her hands whe the magistrate was told that she ha continued her subterfuges to get drug

Justice being merciful, and understanding something of the hell of suc lives as hers, bound her over for thre years on condition that she entered nursing-home to be named by th magistrate.

And so on one of her brave days sh set out by taxicab for the place nominated, smiled determinedly at he friends as they saw her off at the gate and disappeared from their view with wave of the hand and a shout of "Goodbye—I shall win *this* time."

Lost will

It looked as if the miracle woul happen. Within two months she wa taking injections of salt-and-water, no knowing they were not drugs. He doctors thought she had all but banishe the thought of drugs from her mind fo ever. Wonderful determination and extraordinary will power—and she ha really shown both—seemed to hav effected a complete cure.

Then came the death of her mothe the mother to whom she had alway been devoted and whose bedside sh failed to reach before the end came.

Her distress was so acute that all th old suffering she had felt when drug were not forthcoming returned. Sh begged for morphine, prayed for it. An so the doctors had to give her drug once more, and the bitter fight had t begin all over again.

After that the doctors and friends o this tragic girl began to despai Steadily she lost her will to win throug Then, in July, came the worst shoc since her treatment began. She disappeared from the nursing-home without leave.

A telegram arrived addressed by he from an address in Devon. The docto feeling he was helpless in the matte and impelled by a sense of duty to hi charge, approached the Director o Public Prosecutions, who referred him t a magistrate.

The summons brought against Mi Paul was dismissed—but she went bac

the Most Tragic Girl

MORAL of Brenda Dean Paul

The tragic girl returns by air from Paris accompanied by Mr. Derek Burr after her "futile escapade"

to the nursing-home to continue her war against drugs.

Then Romance entered into her tragedy, and all who wished her well thought there was going to be a better way out of all her troubles.

Mr. Derek Burr, a twenty-two-year-old friend with a job on the Stock Exchange, announced that he was in love with her and wanted to marry her, declaring that only the magistrate's order stood in the way of it. He felt sure that he could do more for the hapless girl than anybody else could.

Events moved quickly after that—but not all the time in the direction expected.

Stranded

The announcement was made that a special licence had been applied for, and that the young couple were to fly to France—"where I am not known and have no door closed against me," added Miss Paul.

One morning the boy called for the girl at the nursing-home and explained his intention of taking her to see his parents for the first time. She was allowed to accompany him, and they called at a West-End restaurant for lunch.

Just when all seemed plain sailing, the worst happened. Leaving her for a moment after the lunch, Mr. Burr went back into the dining-room to find she had gone. Mr. Burr, the police and the nursing-home officials tried their hardest to find out where, and it was not until twenty-four hours later that they knew.

She had gone to Folkestone and booked a week-end ticket to Boulogne. And there, giving Joan Holford as her name and Llandrindod Wells as her address, she took the train for Paris.

In Paris with only three francs in her pocket! That was the position in which she found herself when she arrived at the Gare du Nord. She walked for hours before she realised the utter futility of her mad escapade, and then she reported herself to a nursing-home where she was known.

But they would not admit her there, and so she went to the British Hertford Hospital, where they admitted her and gave her food.

"I went to find a friend who could get me film work," she said, "but I couldn't get in touch with her."

Here was a problem of very grave concern to the authorities, and it was complicated by events that followed.

Mr. Burr followed Miss Paul over by air as soon as he knew her whereabouts. At the Paris airport he was handed the message: "My love, and make the taxi-driver drive as only a Frenchman can.
—BRENDA." Then that night they both declared again their intention to marry, in the face of anything that might arise.

But messages from England told of parental opposition on the part of Mr. Burr's family.

"No, I could not marry him in the face of such opposition," said Miss Paul.

And so, after the statement had been made that Mr. Burr had gone on a trip abroad with an uncle, the tragic girl went back to her treatment.

As eminent a specialist as Sir William Willcox, the Home Office expert, was called in to examine her. And he pronounced that she "was not cured yet."

Then one day a trunk telephone call came through to the nursing-home, as a result of which Miss Paul asked a member of the domestic staff to go to Waterloo Station to collect a parcel.

"They wouldn't let me have it," said the girl when she returned.

And so Miss Paul went herself, and was arrested by detectives in the station cloakroom with the packet—containing cigarettes, a pill-box full of tablets, and some letters—in her hands.

In consequence of this, Mrs. Anthea Rosemary Carew appeared at Bow Street charged with attempting to procure drugs for Miss Brenda Dean Paul, and a letter was read during the hearing in which the prisoner had written to a woman known as "the Countess"—" . . . Brenda is in a very bad position. She is getting short of her medicine."

"You knew Miss Paul was going to perdition from drug-taking, and yet you assisted her to do so," said the magistrate gravely, on finding Mrs. Carew guilty and later putting her into the care of friends.

That was six months ago, and since then it has been a losing fight for Brenda Dean Paul. She was discharged from the nursing-home "not cured," to be brought up on the charge for which she had been arrested at Waterloo.

She was remanded to Holloway Prison for a week. The doctors in the prison infirmary tried to continue the treatment—but it was hopeless. The patient was antagonistic. Her distress at being within prison walls was all against her. And that fact weighed very considerably with the magistrate when she came before him again a week later.

He decided on a new method of handling her. She would be remanded from month to month, so that he could get regular reports of how she was getting on. That would go on for six months, by which time he hoped she would be cured.

Suicide attempt

But if he received unsatisfactory reports—"then I shall be satisfied that Holloway is the best place for you," he said.

One month later the name of Brenda Dean Paul was called in court, but she was not there to answer.

Her medical adviser reported that she was ill in bed, after having a tooth extracted, but it was of no avail. She was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. At first she was not well enough to be taken to Holloway. But a week later she was moved in a car, to continue her treatment again in the prison infirmary.

Just a month later she was free again, her appeal against the sentence having succeeded. And her treatment at the nursing-home began again.

Enslaved

It was the beginning of the end.

Slowly but surely she lost grip on herself more and more. Within a week of returning she attempted to take her life. Other doctors were called in and pronounced her condition hopeless. Even Lord Dawson of Penn was called, and he could only confirm the worst.

The terrible fact emerged that she must now go on taking ever-increasing doses of drugs to keep her alive, and certainly to keep her sane—whatever the law might do about it.

Other problems had also arisen. Her friends had subscribed £500 for her treatment, but only a few pounds remained. Her treatment was costing £24 a week, and now special attention was necessary in view of her attempt on her life.

Then the people who had stood surety for her, in two sums of £250, feared they might have to forfeit their money in certain eventualities, and asked to be released from their sureties.

So a wan, tired, hopeless figure once again stood in court, and the sentence this time was not a sentence of the magistrate but of the doctors. "Ever-increasing doses . . . if she is to be kept alive . . and certainly if she is to keep her sanity." And the comment of the magistrate: "This is not a precious jewel, to be kept at any cost."

And now the story moves on to what, it seems, must inevitably be a sad, sordid and tragic end.

The derelict

The doctors and the law have both tried in their different ways to avert that end—and both have failed. Justice stands as perplexed as the greatest specialists in the land

A mere girl of twenty-four is a human derelict for whom apparently nothing can be done, a living counterpart of those other derelicts for whom the Board of Trade can do nothing beyond marking them with a wreck-buoy as a warning to others that follow.

Well, let others take warning.

Let's hope those foolish young people who at one time helped Brenda Dean Paul to her doom now see the error of their ways. For to-day, as they think of this most tragic girl, every one of them can truly say: "There, but for the grace of God, go I."

THE FLYING 10/- NOTE

When Mollison flew the Atlantic he left Ireland with just one ten-shilling note in his pocket. There was nothing to buy on the way, so he landed in America with it intact; and, so generous was the hospitality he received, that he actually brought the note back with him.

This amusing fact is revealed by Mollison himself in his special series "How to Fly the Atlantic," which he has written exclusively for the *Passing Show*—the modern paper for modern people.

In his story Mollison reveals how for very little money—it cost him only £62 10s. to fly the Atlantic—and very much courage you can emulate his success in those daring flying exploits.

This fine new feature commences in the *Passing Show* out to-morrow, Friday, the 10th.

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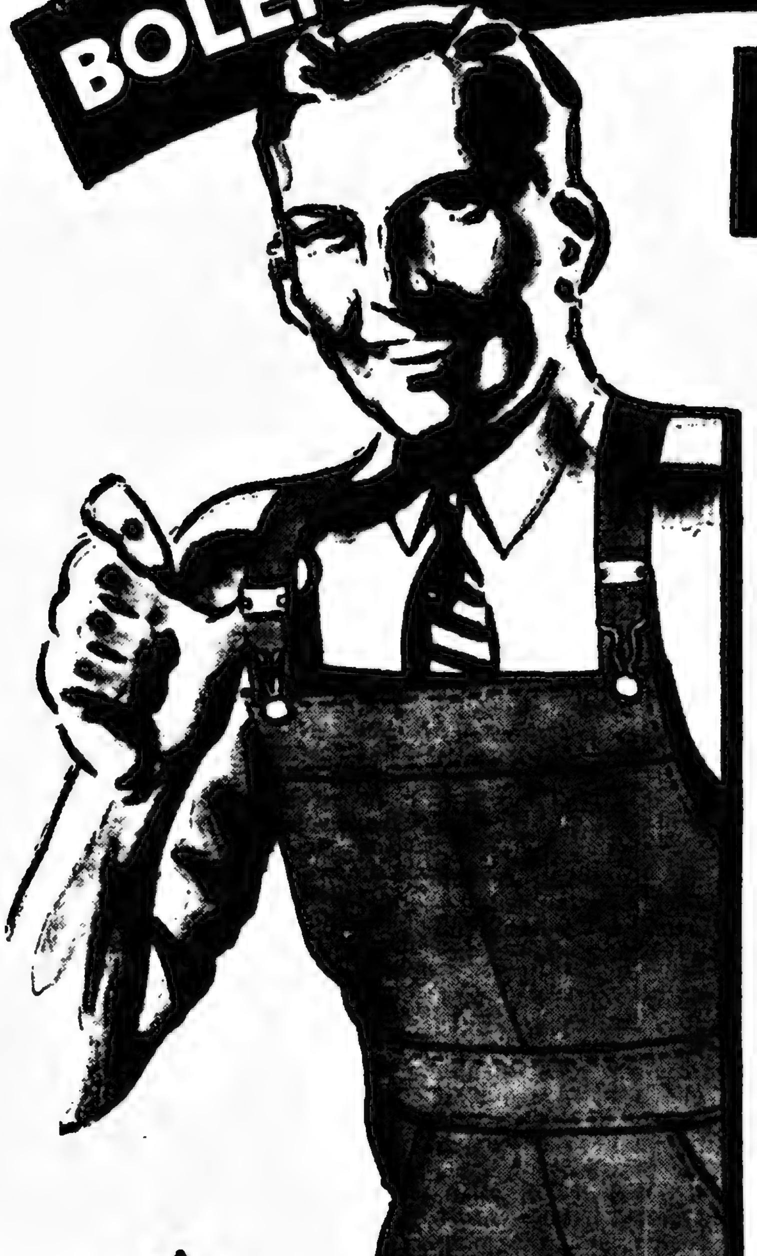

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This patent Non-Slip Buckle for a start. It's an exclusive Bolenium feature, detachable—not sewn on, made of solid brass, and always stays 'put'. An ingenious cam (or wedge) action sees to that.

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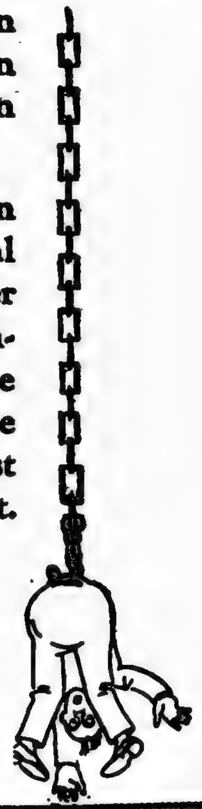
Ask your outfitter, or write for the name of your nearest stockist.



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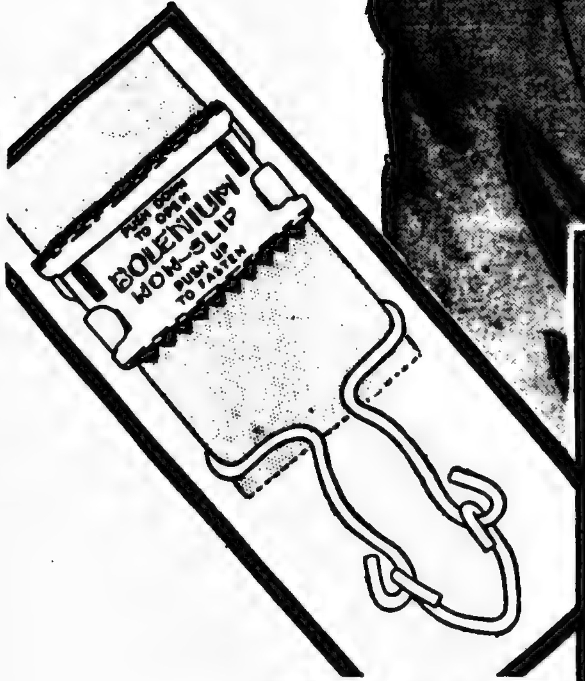

NON-SLIP BUCKLE . .

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BIB & BRACE
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It's Good to be English TO-DAY

by A. G. Gardiner

"This freedom we enjoy was won by centuries of struggle . . . It is embodied in our system of free Parliamentary Government . . ."

GILBERT'S hero who "might have been a Roosian or who might have been a Proosian," but who

"In spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations
Remained an Englishman,"

knew what he was about. He knew, as the slang phrase goes, when he was "on a good thing." It was a wise choice fifty years ago, when Gilbert wrote. It is an even better choice to-day.

And this, not merely because, in spite of all our distresses, this country is standing up to the economic blizzard that is raging over the earth as well as any and far, far better than most. That is something to be grateful for.

Nor is it a matter for selfish gratitude only. If we can keep our feet and our poise until the blizzard has blown itself out, we shall be doing good service to the world as well as to ourselves. While there is a pillar standing there is something for the others to cling to, and a focus around which economic reconstruction may begin.

Hard-won freedom

But there is a still better reason—not unconnected with the other—why it is a satisfaction to-day to be a citizen of this country.

If there is one thing more necessary to make life endurable than the assurance of three square meals a day, it is the enjoyment of reasonable liberty—the liberty to think as we like, read what we like, speak as we feel, vote as we choose, and, within reason, do as we please.

This freedom we enjoy. It is so much a part of our existence that we never give it a thought. It is so familiar that it seems to belong to the nature of things.

But it does not belong to the nature of things. It was won by centuries of struggle, by brave men, many of whom perished in the fight, famous men like the Hampdens and Cromwells and Seldons and William Russells, and unknown men like those who fell at Peterloo. And it is embodied in that system of free Parliamentary government which has been our greatest contribution to the affairs of men.

Nor is this freedom once won for ever secure from attack. "The price of liberty," said Stuart Mill, "is eternal vigilance." The predatory hosts of Midian are always prowling round to take this freedom from us, and we need eternal vigilance to keep them at bay.

There was never a time when that need was greater than now. Liberty, as we understand it, is fighting with its back to the wall, literally from China to Peru.

The war which was to "make the world safe for democracy," in President Wilson's phrase, looks much more like making the world safe for tyranny. The dynasty has gone, but the dictators and not democracy have jumped the claim.

Draw a line from the Rhine to Vladivostock and you will not strike the territory of a monarch. They have all vanished. But neither will you strike the territory of a free democracy.

From the Rhine to Vladivostock freedom is in chains. The dictators have snatched the power that the War took from the dynasts and they are exercising it as ruthlessly, sometimes even more ruthlessly, than the dynasts.

Liberty is dead!

Germany is the latest scene of the overthrow of democracy. Parliamentary government was never a strong growth in Germany. The Kaiser loathed it, and Bismarck fought it; but they respected it and feared it as the coming power. After the War, and the fall of the Kaiser, it was assumed that it would come to full growth.

I think it would have come to full growth but for the "Peace" of Versailles and the fourteen years of insane provocation by which the Allies destroyed the constitutional regime in Germany. Truly seen, it was not Hindenburg who dismissed Bruening and put Hitler in his place. It was the Allies, under Poincaré's inspiration.

But whatever the cause, Germany has joined the nations where the most elementary liberty is dead, where Parliamentary government is at an end and where the dictators rule with an iron hand. The conditions in all these countries—Italy, Russia, Germany, Poland and the rest—are the same so far as political and personal freedom is concerned. There is none.

Monstrous system

The Parliamentary system which is the bedrock of liberty, has gone, utterly as in the case of Russia, or has become a mockery as in the case of Italy and Germany. The people have no more to do with the government of their own country than they have to do with the motions of the tide or the orbit of the stars.

They have not elected their dictators and they cannot dethrone them. They are subject to a tyranny more ruthless and complete than any they suffered under the dead dynasts, who at least allowed their Parliaments freedom to talk, their newspapers freedom to write, and their people freedom to think.

All these modest rights are gone under the tyranny of the dictators. There is not a newspaper in Russia, in Italy, and now in Germany, that dare murmur a word in criticism of Stalin, Mussolini or Hitler.

If such a monstrous system prevailed here, with, say, ex-Comrade Mosley or Mr. Winston Churchill in the Stalin-Mussolini-Hitler *rôle*, JOHN BULL and every other newspaper would have to publish what those potentates permitted or would be silenced out of hand.

And this is only the beginning of the tyranny. No political organisation is allowed to exist except that which supports the tyrant—the Fascists in the one case, the Communists in the other. The trade unions are put in irons, and no one can send a letter by post containing a comment on the Government without running the risk of being swished away to some penal island in the case of Italy or to the Siberian mines or timber forests in the case of Russia.

Life's best thing

The Berlin correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, describing the change that has come over Germany since the dictatorship, says: "It is a new experience to see people look round anxiously before they begin a conversation, or in cafés bend across tables and speak in a low voice. During a two hours' stroll through Berlin to-day I noticed the same phenomenon over and over again. It was a sight worthy of Russia or Italy."

This hideous tyranny has spread like a plague over Europe. It has now more than half the Continent in its grip. And the war on liberty is not confined to Europe—witness the revelations of what is going on in Cuba.

It has not reached this country yet. We are still free, and while we have the wisdom to stand by our Parliamentary system democracy is assured of at least one foothold in the world. But let that anchor go and all our liberties will go with it—no matter whether the tyrant models himself on Stalin or Hitler.

Meanwhile, let us be grateful that in a world where liberty is dying we have the good fortune to be the citizens of a free country.

When Mr. H. G. Wells was asked what was the best thing that had happened to him, he said: "The best thing that ever happened to me was to be born."

What he should have said was: "The best thing that ever happened to me was to be born an Englishman."

Not from the B.B.C.—The Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, M.P., on

Kisses at Westminster

WHERE'ER I go my comrades sue
Me for the facts. "Come, is it true?"
They ask. "We've questioned *him*!
He merely tells us that the blame's
Not his: and so we turn from James
And seek the truth from Jim."

The facts, I may remark, are plain:
James Maxton, who can ne'er refrain
From gibes at Jim, commenced
To question me on Ireland's state.
Since he was clearly out to bait
Me, I resolved to fence.

The questions followed thick and fast;
I parried them; and then, at last,
Determined to dismiss
The chance of any more debate,
To silence I reduced him straight
By blowing him a kiss!

Since this episode took place in the House of Commons and was recorded in the Press I have been inundated with questions.

Do I really love James as much as the gesture would seem to imply? Or did I merely choose an original way of extricating myself from an awkward situation? I can only reply to both questions that the answer is in the evasive.

Some sticklers for Parliamentary etiquette contend that blowing kisses in the House is out of order. Others describe it as a grossly unfair method of applying the closure.

What James Maxton himself thought of it I cannot say; but, as one of the fiercest exponents of brotherly love, he should welcome the carrying on of a debate by means of—er—osculatory gesticulation.

Personally, I have for long favoured more affectionate Parliamentary methods, for nobody has ever accused Jim Thomas of being stand-offish.

When I get into my dress clothes, waiters hail me as a brother, and in the House it is with difficulty that I remember to announce that "the answer is in the affirmative," instead of responding, "You bet your life, old bean!" or "I'll see about it, sister."

* * *

Every married M.P. knows from experience that whereas a refusal given in the form of a blunt "No" may lead to tears and tantrums, "No, darling; not at present," may be received quite amiably.

Why should not Ministers be allowed to gild their negatives in this way? It would certainly improve the atmosphere of the House, and I like to think of the honourable lady who represents—er—well, never mind where—blushing with pleasure upon being addressed as "sweetie."

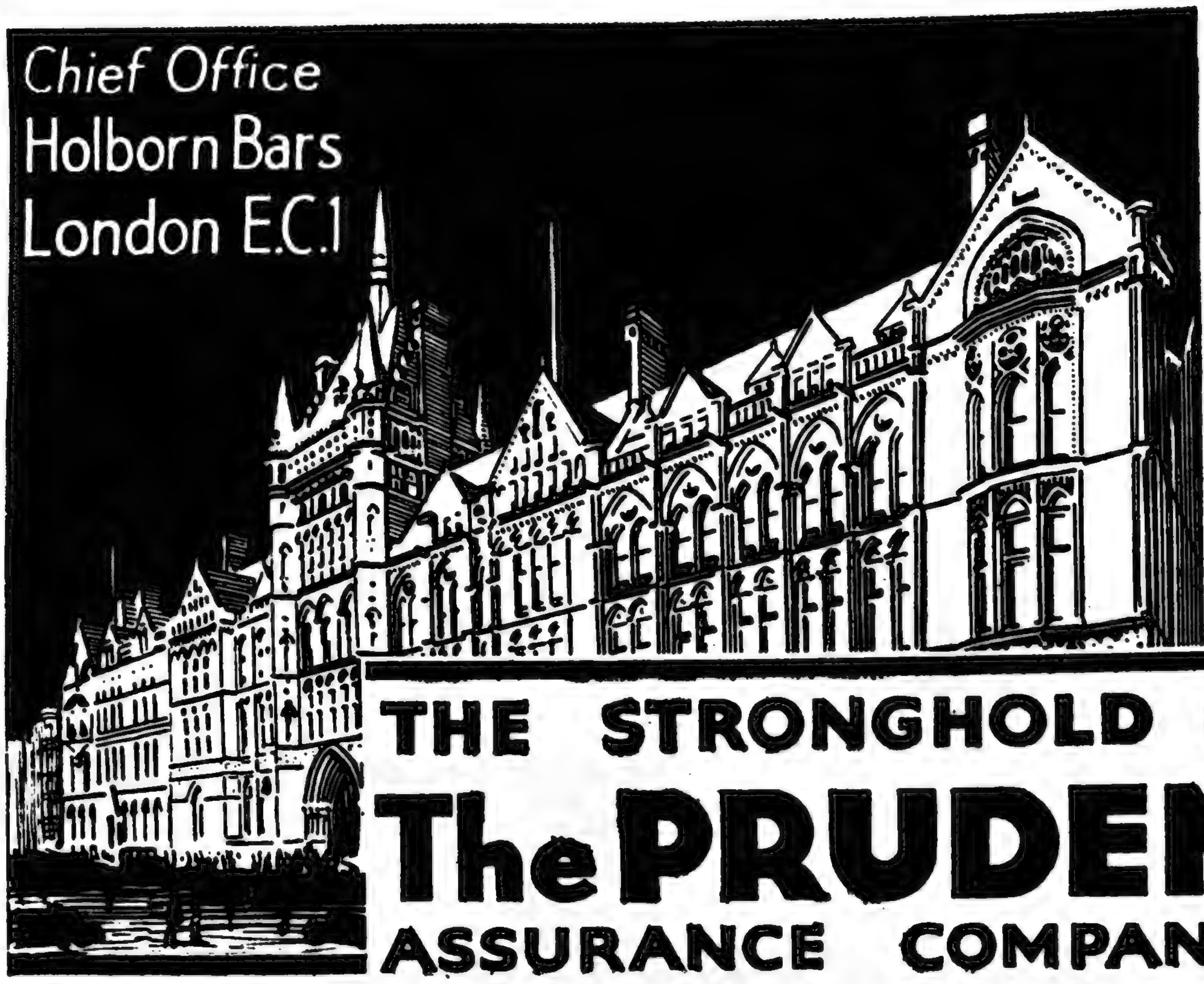
The House would be a better place (and even *more* amusing)
If M.P.s who at present cultivate
A talent for invective and for picturesque abusing
Would be more sweet and tender in debate.

So, for a start, I'm quite prepared—provided we're not taxed on
The entertainment—to begin by kissing Jimmy Maxton!

I hate to see a member looking black, as if he's cursing
Another with whose views he disagrees;
I hate to think of him (or her) a sense of grievance nursing.
When he (or she) if taken on one's knees
And addressed as "Snooky Ookums" and by other terms endearing,
Would soon find his (or her) absurd resentment disappearing.

I like to think that Ministers, instead of blowing bubbles,
May take to blowing kisses 'cross the floor;
And acrimony would not be among an M.P.'s troubles
If terms like "dear" and "darling" were heard more.
Still, hardened cynics would, no doubt, discern the side absurd of it—
Since we would not mean (e'en as now) a single blessed word of it!

THE GREAT SECRET
We've got it up our sleeve
Watch "John Bull"



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TOTAL SUMS ASSURED AND BONUS	£216,781,693
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POLICYHOLDERS' SHARE OF PROFITS	£3,184,691

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NEW SUMS ASSURED	£63,608,790
TOTAL SUMS ASSURED AND BONUS	£503,421,139
PREMIUMS RECEIVED	£19,133,362
PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS	£10,959,368
POLICYHOLDERS' SHARE OF PROFITS	£5,161,944

GENERAL BRANCH

PREMIUMS RECEIVED	£2,154,843
PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS	£1,150,548

PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS IN 1932 - **£23,955,681**

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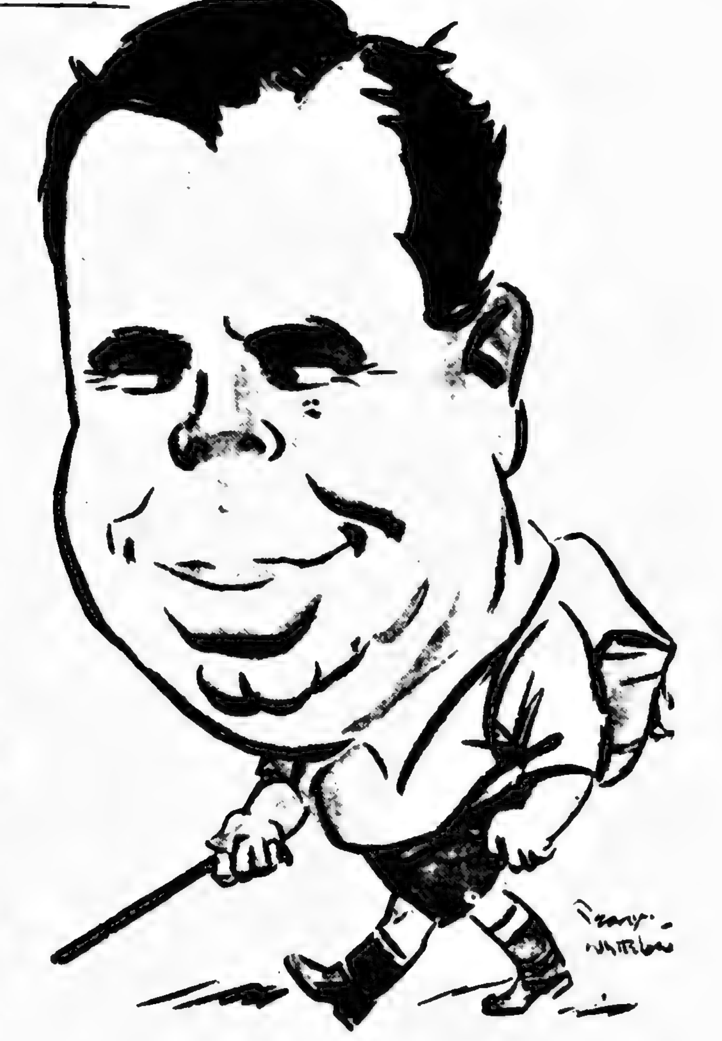
Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to J. B. PRIESTLEY

SAY IT— but Say It SHORTER



MY DEAR PRIESTLEY,—Since my letter is being written this week, I can congratulate you.

You have had the honour paid to the talkie version of your famous story, "The Good Companions," that the King and Queen, attending its first performance, saw at the same time their first talkie, that the Prime Minister was there also, and that £10,000 was obtained for charity. There was even more excitement than if the talkie had been written, acted and produced by Americans.

But, some weeks, I should have had to express sympathy with you. For your life is now even more like mine than my own. Sometimes, people cheer us and sometimes whole masses regard us more or less as the enemies of mankind.

You see, I can remember the days when success did not come to you, when you were doing hard, yes, and brilliant, work for nothing, because you believed it and because you saw that the world was wrong

* * *

You were born in a place where you would discover something like that.

When, not many months ago, while I was driving near Bradford, a friend said, "This is the Priestley country," yes, as though he might have said, "This is where Shakespeare was born," or "It was this country that Thomas Hardy wrote about," I looked out on miles and miles of dreadfulness. The horrors of the industrial revolution still survive.

Well, a protest against that is in a good deal of your writing and speech. And your success, which was electrical, meteoric, came because, in spite of your knowledge that the world was all wrong, you knew also that the mass of the people were all right.

It seems almost impossible to believe that a man can write a novel consisting of 270.000 words, four times as many as are in an ordinary book, and that, even then, make £16,000 in royalties in the first year. Yet that is what you did with "The Good Companions."

Then you started the craze for the Too Long Novel. They are too long for me.

I bought "The Good Companions" at Liverpool to read in the train, looked at it, and left it unread.

I was glad, when I saw the play, that I had done so, because Jess Oakroyd left me cold. I realised that that concert party could never have been a success, that when the theatre was burned down, it was the righteous indignation of an enlightened public. And, when I heard the tune of the song, "Slippin' Round the Corner," which, in your book, made their fortunes; well, the tune meant nothing.

You see, the basis of your story wasn't true.

Still, its humanity, I suppose, made them hail you as another Dickens.

There is always another somebody or other.

* * *

I like you best when you infuriate people. For instance, two years ago, visiting the United States, you told Americans the truth—that they did not read books, but only bought them.

Heavens, how angry they got. Unfortunately, you chose, as authors sometimes do, the wrong case. You said that, in the early days of the Sinclair Lewis boom, when "Main Street" was being sold everywhere, copies of the novel were to be seen in American homes with the pages uncut. Fannie Hurst and other indignant authors pointed out that "Main Street" had never been sold with uncut pages.

Well, I might not have known that, for I have not read "Main Street," either. I merely looked at it.

I admire, my dear Priestley, your pluck.

You recently wrote a play called "Dangerous Corner," in which you indicated the vices and stupidities of the very class who usually crowd the stalls. Yes, and you got away with it! More than that, seeing some of the critics still drinking when the curtain had gone up after one interval, you boldly reminded them.

That is the stuff to give critics!

You frequently make speeches saying exactly what you mean. You have earned the right. They told me, some years ago, in Fleet Street, of the guts you showed in refusing to be dictated to by stupid editors. They did not know that, within a few months, your name would be known right across the country. They never know things like that.

But please stop these Too Long Novels. "Faraway," your last one, which dragged on for 600 pages, printed on with over 150.000 words, was dull to weariness, because it was too long.

* * *

You have gone back to simple people, neglected for so long, for your characters. Jess Oakroyd, your best-known hero, was merely a handyman carpenter. The hero of "Angel Pavement" was merely a City clerk. The hero of "Faraway" was merely a maltster.

We are all so tired of these cocktail parties in novels, and the he-he, blah-blah of silly boys, and the sudden discovery of sex by still sillier girls.

You are a man. You are a human being. And you have got something to say. More than that, you have earned the right to say it.

Say it—but say it shorter.

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. CLAUD MULLINS,
Metropolitan Police Magistrate

DEAR SIR,—The law is wrong, you say, for sending more than 6,000 men to jail each year for not maintaining their wives or children.

It demands no evidence of means. A man who is a bankrupt or unemployed can be jailed, or even—legally speaking—if the magistrate doesn't like the colour of his hair.

No wonder you declare yourself shocked! And you don't wonder, I am sure, that I have so long urged sweeping changes in the law that sends the honest debtor to prison.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. BRENDAN BRACKEN, M.P.,
London, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—You did well to champion the unemployed black-coated workers who get no assistance from the State in their hour of need.

The cheers that greeted you from all sides of the House were more heartening than the Government's chilly reception of your plea.

And the great majority of your fellow-M.P.s are also with you, I know, in your demand for more unemployment relief schemes.

Stick to your guns. You'll never lack support, including that of

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOSEPH COWAN,
Springburn, Glasgow

DEAR COWAN,—No fewer than seven children owe their lives to you.

Roused from your bed when a neighbour's house caught fire, you didn't pause to dress, but rushed through the flames to where the infants were cowering panic-stricken.

After three journeys you saved them all, and then, suffering from burns and severe shock, you had to be taken to hospital.

Such heroism deserves the applause not only of Glasgow, but of the whole kingdom.

JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN,
Bridlington Magistrates

DEAR SIR,—For five hours your Bench considered whether a publican had sold drink during prohibited hours, and finally dismissed the charges.

Then it fined two women for consuming the drink which it had decided had not been improperly supplied!

There's a word called "consistency" in the dictionary. I suggest you and your fellow-magistrates look it up and act upon it in future.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. LANSBURY: You tore up the silly Fascist "threat" you received. Another recipient sent it to the Home Office. I hope the Home Secretary will follow your method.—JOHN BULL.

ARTHUR STANLEY,
Bromley, Kent

STANLEY,—Your claim to belong to a respectable family adds to your infamy, for not even the son of thieves should sink to your depths.

After robbing your lodgings, you stole from an old couple's gasmeter. The husband is blind and paralysed, and because of your theft had to go without food and fire for some days.

If I had been on the Bench you would have got more than three months in jail. JOHN BULL.

Mr. BASIL WATSON,
North London Stipendiary

DEAR SIR,—"I am not going to have people carrying revolvers about in this district," you say. That's fine!

And you have imposed a penalty of £25 on a young man for having an automatic pistol without a licence That's finer still! JOHN BULL.

HARRY HOFFMAN,
Salford

CAD,—When you were hard up you found two good friends in a pair of sailors who allowed you to live on board their ship.

You repaid their kindness by robbing them.

Well, your new address is c o H.M. Prison, and will be so for the next six months. Only you will regret that fact.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. BARRIE LAMBERT,
London County Hall

DEAR DOCTOR,—So you haven't banned the use of cosmetics by L.C.C. nurses. I'm glad of that.

But when asked if one matron had told a nurse that frizzed hair was not allowed, you made no reply.

I hope you will tell that matron to keep her personal objections to herself in future, and that so long as they do their work well, it doesn't matter a jot if nurses have their hair waved or wear it straight in a bun. JOHN BULL.

Mr. WM. HOPE FOWLER,
Edinburgh

DEAR SIR,—Your award at the King's hands of the honour of Commander of the Royal Victorian Order will give pleasure not only to yourself, but to the whole public.

It remembers how you lost two fingers of your right hand through your X-ray work, and that last year you had to have the arm amputated.

Above all, it knows that the research of yourself and men like you has removed most of the danger that once attended the use of this new ally of surgery.

JOHN BULL.

Gen. Sir IAN HAMILTON: Amazed at your suggestion that Japan would not have attacked China had the League not addressed her like "a prisoner in the dock." Have you forgotten that for 17 months the League tried to conciliate her?—JOHN BULL.

ALFRED MARK BEAK,
Cardiff

CUR,—Though married, you courted a girl and even persuaded her to put up the banns of marriage.

Then, when appearing on a judgment summons regarding breach of promise damages, you had the impudence to offer five shillings a month—"as much as the girl is worth."

Since you're obviously not worth a tenth as much, she is very well rid of you. JOHN BULL.

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MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening Free Employment Dept. Call (9-7) or write. THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert St., next Lyons' Corner House).

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A PAYING Profession. Become a Certificated Chiropodist. Write partics. Home Study Course, 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

VACANCIES OCCUR for Male and Female Clerks in the Executive Branches of the Civil Service. No experience is required. Age limits 18-19. Examination May 23. For details of subjects, salaries, etc., apply immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 212), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

CHEAP Printing.—1,000 Billheads, 3/6. 1,000 Handbills, 7/6. Cards, Memos, etc. Samples free.—CRETEWAY PRESS, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

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CARNIVAL Dance and Party Novelties, Balloons. Send for free bargain list. "UNEEDUS," 70/72, Arundel Street, PORTSMOUTH.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free. — West Riding WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WOOLS.—Knitt. 1d. oz., Silky 1½d., Sports 1½d., Fing. 1½d., Crochet 2½d., Blk. 6-ply Rug 8d. lb., Turkish 1/6½, Cable 1/6½. Samples free.—Newcastle Wool Co. (Dept. 71), Newcastle/Tyne.

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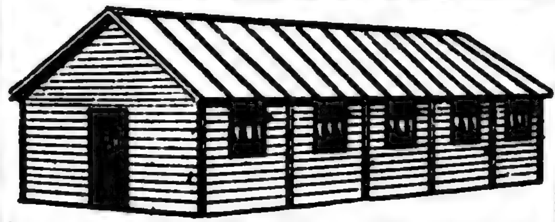
"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, Decorations and Wigs. Cat. J.B. free.—Becks British Carnival Novelties, Cross St., Ldn., N.1.

BRITISH non-combine WALLPAPER from 2½d. Latest designs now ready. Write for FREE book. Eclipse Wallpaper, Shield Rd., Newcastle-Tyne.

CLEARANCE SALE CANNOT BE REPEATED WHEN CLEARED AT THESE PRICES.

Larger Sizes are suitable for Club Rooms, Pavilions, Bungalows, etc.



NOTE PRICES AND SPECIFICATION.

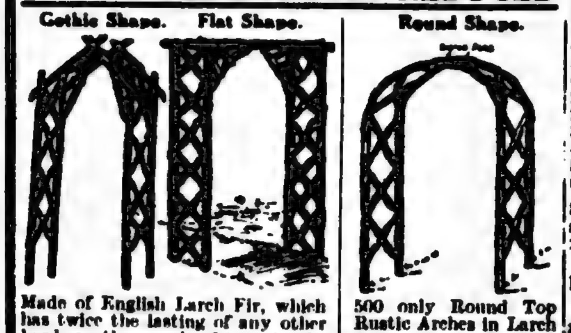
SECTIONAL ARMY TYPE HUTS, No. C.J.

STANDARD SIZES AND PRICES Lgth.	Wdth.	Height at eaves.	Price.	Floor Extra (1in. T & G Boards on 3 in. joists)
20 ft.	10 ft.	7 ft.	£13 10 0	£3 0 0
25 ft.	10 ft.	7 ft.	15 10 0	3 15 0
30 ft.	10 ft.	7 ft.	19 17 6	4 10 0
40 ft.	10 ft.	7 ft.	26 0 0	6 0 0
20 ft.	15 ft.	8 ft.	20 10 0	4 10 0
25 ft.	15 ft.	8 ft.	25 0 0	5 12 6
30 ft.	15 ft.	8 ft.	30 0 0	6 15 0
40 ft.	15 ft.	8 ft.	41 0 0	9 0 0
50 ft.	15 ft.	8 ft.	50 0 0	11 5 0
60 ft.	15 ft.	8 ft.	60 0 0	13 10 0
20 ft.	20 ft.	8 ft.	27 0 0	6 0 0
25 ft.	20 ft.	8 ft.	33 15 0	7 10 0
30 ft.	20 ft.	8 ft.	40 10 0	9 0 0
40 ft.	20 ft.	8 ft.	52 0 0	12 0 0
50 ft.	20 ft.	8 ft.	67 5 0	14 10 0
60 ft.	20 ft.	8 ft.	80 0 0	18 0 0

Sleeper Plates Pickled with Wood Preservative for erecting building on 3in. x 2in. at 1½d. per foot run, 4in. x 2in. at 2d. 4in. x 3in. at 3d.

PRICES FOR LARGER SIZES ON APPLICATION.

ALL PRICES GREATLY REDUCED


Gothic Shape.
Flat Shape.
Round Shape.

Made of English Larch Fir, which has twice the lasting of any other hard rustic wood. 1,000 to be cleared at these prices.

Flat Design or Gothic Shape.	
4 ft. across path	5/6
4 ft. 6 in. " "	7/6
5 ft. 0 in. " "	9/6

500 only Round Top Rustic Arches in Larch

ft. in.	Fir.	ft. high.	
3 6	across path	8	9/-
4 0	" "	8	11/6
4 6	" "	8	14/6
5 0	" "	8	17/-
5 6	" "	8	20/-

MOTOR GARAGES
No. 96 M.
175 ONLY. Secure Yours Now!

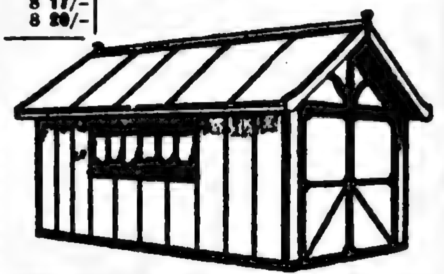
Beautify your Gardens with lasting Timbers.

WRITE FOR SALE LIST.

RUSTIC POLES, Suitable for All Purposes.

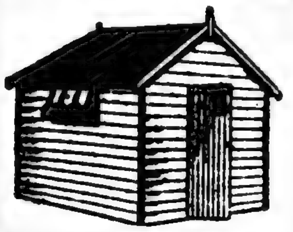
Long.	Butt.		Long.	Butt.	
7 ft.	2 ins.	4/9 doz.	12 ft.	3 ins.	15/6 doz.
7 ft.	2¼ ins.	5/6 doz.	8 ft.	4 ins.	13/9 doz.
8 ft.	2½ ins.	7/6 doz.	9 ft.	4 ins.	15/6 doz.
8 ft.	3 ins.	8/6 doz.	10 ft.	4 ins.	17/6 doz.
9 ft.	2½ ins.	8/6 doz.	8 ft.	5 ins.	19/- doz.
9 ft.	3 ins.	11/- doz.	9 ft.	5 ins.	22/9 doz.
10 ft.	2½ ins.	10/- doz.	10 ft.	5 ins.	24/9 doz.
10 ft.	3 ins.	12/9 doz.	12 ft.	5 ins.	27/3 doz.
12 ft.	2½ ins.	11/3 doz.	14 ft.	5 ins.	28/9 doz.

Terms: Cash with Order.
No Waiting. Immediate Delivery.



Dispatched in handy sections for easy erection. All holes bored and bolts supplied.

Length.	Breadth.	Eaves.	Usual Price.	Sale Price.
50 Only to Clear.				
12 ft.	7 ft.	6 ft.	£10 0 0	£8 0 0
75 Only to Clear.				
15 ft.	8 ft.	6 ft.	12 10 0	9 10 0
50 Only to Clear.				
16 ft.	9 ft.	7 ft.	15 0 0	11 0 0



HUT
No. SH. 4

Length.	Width.	Height.		Price	Floor Extra.
6 ft.	4 ft.	6½ ft.	....	£2 10 0	9/-
7 ft.	5 ft.	6½ ft.	....	3 5 0	12/-
8 ft.	6 ft.	6½ ft.	....	4 0 0	15/-
9 ft.	7 ft.	7½ ft.	....	5 0 0	20/-
10 ft.	8 ft.	7½ ft.	....	6 0 0	24/-
10 ft.	10 ft.	8 ft.	....	6 17 6	27/-

TERMS CASH WITH ORDER. IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.
Experience Must Count. Turrell's Have Been Established 75 Years.
NOTE THE ADDRESS:
TURRELL'S PORTABLE BUILDING WORKS,
CATFORD BRIDGE, LONDON, S.E.6. *'Phone: Hither Green 4478.*

CIVIL SERVICE.—For details of openings, age limits, salaries, entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards), write for Free Handbook to B.T.I. (Dept. 311), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

G.P.O. ENGINEERING DEPT. (No experience required.) Commence over £4 per week. Ages 17-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T., 29K, Oxford St., W.1.

POLICE.—For details of openings pay and promotion in all Town and Country Forces (ages 19-27; height over 5 ft. 9 in.) write for Free Police Handbook to B.T.I., 29B, Oxford St., W.1.

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MAIL ORDER TRADERS. Advertisements inserted in 50 Provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

PRINTING. MEADS, 10,000 Handbills, lowest prices. Room 60, 2/6 1,000. Memos, Dup. samples 2d. SANDY. Books, Catlgs., etc.

WOOL SALE.—1d. Crochet, 2½ oz. Rug 8d., Thrums 6½d. lb., Cab'e 1/4½ lb. 800 spls. Illustd. Designs Rug Guide Free.—SCOTIA WOOLS, 158, NEW BRIDGE ST., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

LANCASHIRE SILK REMNANTS from 4d. per yard. P.c. for particulars and sample.—MELLING'S, 348, North Road, PRESTON.

A WONDERFUL new covering for Damp Floors, &c. Looks like Tudor tiles. 90 sq. ft. 15/-. Send for free samples and partics. to J. B. Andrews & Sons, Sutherland Sq., Walworth Rd., S.E.17.

BARGAINS FOR LADIES.—Shoes, Frocks, or the Nu-Style Ambron Corselette sent on approval on payment of a small deposit. For further particulars see the Ambrose Wilson advertisement in *John Bull's* "Shop Window" on page 3.

FILL in the coupon in the B.S.A. advt. on p. 25. It will bring a Free Catalogue. Get your copy now.

THE new RYDER 1933 SEED BOOK is offered post free on p. 38.

HODGSON'S illus. Catlg. of Carpets, Rugs, etc., is offered in the advt. on the Back Cover.

WIRELESS & MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES & Radiograms. How to make cheaply. Motors 7/6. Kits, parts, Repairs. 64-pp. ill Drawings 3d. Regentbull, 120, Old St., Ldn. EC1.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the COLUMBIA RADIO advt. on p. 25 for full details of the Battery Model 353 illustrated. This can be obtained for only 30/- down.

FILL in the coupon in the LISSEN RADIO advt. on p. 35 for a free copy of 1/- Chart illustrating the "Skyscraper" Kit Set.

DRESS.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES. 40/-. 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

PRESERVE YOUR HEALTH AND FITNESS by wearing a "Spencer" Supporting Corset. Write, Spencer Corsets, Ltd., Banbury, Oxon., for further partics. See advt. on p. 26.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Finest quality Indian and Ceylon Blended 2/- Tea, 4 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 12/6, carr. pd. Special quotations for large quantities & Packet Teas. Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, London, E.15.

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WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive and Permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridvard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, the Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, Boots, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Spl. 2d.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (432G), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

ASTHMA.—Vapo Cresolene gives quicker relief and soothes the irritated tubes. You must try it.—Write for Free Booklet No. 29K to Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.3.

PILES relieved instantly by the wonderful Hemosol Treatment. No ointment, medicine nor appliance. Send 1½d. stamp for Free Booklet on this remarkable discovery.—Hemosol Laboratories, 1, Ramsden Road, London, S.W.12.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT is a sure and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds lustre to the hair and improves its growth. Thousands of families have proved its effectiveness during the past 50 years. Sold in boxes, 4d. and 8d., from all good Chemists, or by post, 5½d. and 9½d. RANKIN & CO., DEPT. "G.," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

AFTER INFLUENZA proper nutrition is a vital necessity. "Allenburys" Diet is a perfectly balanced food, containing all the essentials to hasten recovery. Send 3d. stamps for ¼-lb. trial sample.—Allen & Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.5), 37, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

A RUPTURE APPLIANCE with unpuncturable rubber pads for 10/- only is illustrated on page 3 in. advt. of London Surgical Co.

STEEDMAN'S FAMOUS BOOK, "Hints to Mothers," will be sent free to all readers mentioning *John Bull*. See advt. on p. 27.

BANISH CONSTIPATION. Simply chew a "FEENAMINT." No taste but pure, fresh mint. A free sample is offered in the advt. on p. 28.

A FREE COPY of a book entitled "The Most Wonderful Substance in our World" will be sent to readers who fill in the coupon in the PHYLLOSAN advt. on p. 31.

FREE TRIAL of POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE, Smoking Mixture, &c., and free booklet. Use coupon on p. 42.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co. 7a, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

RATS CANNOT ESCAPE THE FATAL EFFECTS OF RODINE. THEY LIKE IT, EAT IT AND DIE. RODINE NEVER FAILS. 7½d. & 1/3 ALL CHEMISTS OR RODINE WORKS, PERTH (POST 3d. EXTRA).

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS.
You can't stop eating them.
All Sweet Shops.

SLIMMING SIMPLIFIED. The Marmola Co. offer a 2 days' sample and free booklet on p. 26. Simply fill in the coupon.

FREE.—£50 first prize and hundreds of other cash prizes are offered by the proprietors of "Diploma" Cheese for the best last line to the Limerick appearing in the advt. on p. 27. Read conditions carefully. Send in your entry now.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER. A large tin of Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs is offered on p. 27. Fill in coupon and PIN a 1½d. stamp.

EVERY reader ought to have a copy of the HARPIC Useful Home Book. Simply send 6d. in stamps to Harpic Mnfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. P.4), Hull.

A SAMPLE of Kolynos Denture Fixative will be sent FREE to readers filling in coupon on p. 18.

READERS' attention is drawn to the SHAVEX-ZEEKOL offers on p. 39.

A FREE TRIAL PACKET of "Bondman" Empire Blend Tobacco will be sent on receipt of a P.C. addressed to Richard Lloyd & Sons, Topmast Tobacco Factory, 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. This offer appears in the advt. on p. 18.

A FREE tube of Cream Taky is offered in the advt. on p. 42.

Impudent Aviation Stunt Exposed

by SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

THIS week I have been collecting material which adds a new and strange chapter to the story of British aviation and finance.

As the leading figure in the queer events which I am to describe I have to present a Russian named Victor Vladimirovitch Dibovsky.

Before I proceed to relate this gentleman's recent activities, however, I must in fairness give him credit for his personal ability and past public services.

Dibovsky is undoubtedly a clever engineer, and he rendered great service to the Allies in the Great War when he came to Britain eighteen years ago and invented the first synchronising gear for firing a machine gun through a rotating aeroplane propeller.

For his device he was awarded about £6,000 from the Inventions Commission and was twice received by the King and had the C.M.G. conferred upon him.

Since the end of the war little has been heard of Dibovsky in this country, but he has lately emerged with bombastic claims that he will soon provide mankind with the perfect aeroplane.

If this Russian's dreams and visions were kept to himself or among people who can afford financially to encourage him all would be well.

But I feel justified in warning John Bull readers not to become investors in the propositions by Dibovsky which are now being circulated, because I find he has so far been obtaining funds for his nebulous projects from many poor and ignorant people.

If Dibovsky's dream-plane ever materialised it would indeed be the culmination of all invention in locomotion.

The verbose Russian captain has told investors that by their noble activities on his behalf they will lead the nations of the world to union—all by means of the aeroplane which has been born in his fancy.

Penny shares

"Aeroplane" is not indeed the proper word with which to describe the supposed invention. If it ever takes shape it will be a plane of the helicopter type, which will rise and descend vertically and be capable of being transformed at will to move on the road as a motor-car or on the water as a motor-boat.

Its engine capacity would only be that of a baby motor-car, and it would be sold to the public at £150 and £200.

I believe that the altitude record of the best experimental machine of the type that will rise vertically has been something like only ten feet, and it did not travel more than 140 yards.

It is strange, therefore, to find Dibovsky gathering in money for a still unbuilt helicopter by means of claims and statements for which there cannot be the slightest justification.

To introduce the benefits of his inventive mind to civilisation Dibovsky has formed a company named Helicopter, Limited, and taken unto himself a fellow-director named Samuel Boone, an ex-solicitor's clerk, whom he also describes as his private secretary.

It must be among the quaintest companies ever registered in this country. Its shares are priced at one penny each, and in his operation of them Dibovsky has revealed even more ingenuity as a financier than as an engineer.

He has never made his helicopter rise, but by his own decisions he has caused these penny shares to soar to a price of £6 each, at which he sells them to people of the working class!

Let Dibovsky come down from the clouds and submit his invention to people with knowledge

When Dibovsky formed his company he allocated the shares to himself as a consideration for handing over to future shareholders the fruits of his brain in the matter of the helicopter.

Pig in a poke

All that he actually disposed of was a provisional patent specification.

What the people who have become members of his company have *not* been told is that this specification, for a reason known only to the patent authorities, has been declared void.

In 1931 Dibovsky lodged another specification about which nothing has been made known, and which has not so far been accepted.

From first to last Dibovsky and Boone have concentrated on obtaining money from men and women in the lowest ranks.

Their reason for doing so, they say, is to keep out the "undesirable element" and because they have a fear that if they allowed investors of substance to join them, these investors would seek too big a share of the ultimate profits.

I have no hesitation in describing this explanation as nonsense. If Dibovsky and Boone went out to obtain proper backing for their hazy schemes it would be a forlorn mission. Any person of experience would put the literature they issue in the waste-paper basket.

At first the penny shares were sold at £1 each. This figure was quickly doubled and, so great was the response from people living in the poorest districts, that Dibovsky soon had the worthless and unmarketable shares promoted in price to £6 each.

Investors are being allowed to pay off this fantastic charge by small instalments which Boone collects from some by calling at their homes on Sunday mornings.

If ever a pig in a poke has been sold to investors, it is in the case of Dibovsky's unpatented and unbuilt helicopter.

Those who bought the shares had first to pay their money before they were allowed to see or know anything. They were then taken on Sunday afternoons in parties of about fifty to a small outbuilding in a yard behind a house agent's office in North London, where the company has a room, and were shown what were described as scientific models.

What they saw were, in aeronautical value, mere toys, which slid along wires or were propelled for short distances by thick elastic.

In this tiny outbuilding, Dibovsky informed his investors, he would one day build the real article.

When one woman asked how the completed helicopter would be taken outside as the door was scarcely wide enough for a person to enter, the Russian replied that the roof would be removed and the machine would rise into the skies!

He described to these people, who, of course, had no knowledge of the principles of aerodynamics, how the machine would flit through the skies, come down in the streets of a town and, when travelling as a motor-car, leap over any traffic in its path.

When the owner of a helicopter, he also said, drove it up to the front door of his house and wished to garage it in the back garden, it would only be necessary to turn the nose of the machine towards the house and leap over the roof to the other side.

I have sent a representative to interview a number of these investors who are still paying by instalments for their penny shares at 144,000 per cent. inflation.

Disillusion

Not one of them understood anything about the stories they had been told by Dibovsky and Boone, except that soon they would be fabulously rich. They believed they were shareholders in the company. I have to disillusion them.

Dibovsky has so arranged things that they cannot get a certificate for even one share and will have no voice in the company's affairs until they each contribute £600.

If this Russian's exploits have one comic aspect it is that every investor is enjoined to treat all information in regard to the invention or details of its construction as strictly confidential and to divulge nothing without the consent of Dibovsky.

Of course, they know nothing of any value to anyone.

In the last few days Dibovsky and Boone have adventured further in the fields of finance by forming another peculiar company called The Helicopter Club, Limited.

Like its stable companion, it, too, will exist on penny shares sold at whatever price Dibovsky thinks he will get, and at not less than £1 each.

Never in the whole history of registered companies in Britain has one had a prospectus with such clap-trap.

The Helicopter Club, I learn, is somewhere in East Devon, where its members will go to live in rest cottages, fly their helicopters, attend technical schools and, if they are hard up, be provided with loans to improve the educational position of their families.

As no helicopter has yet been built, I cannot understand why there should be an aerodrome and club in East Devon for helicopter flyers.

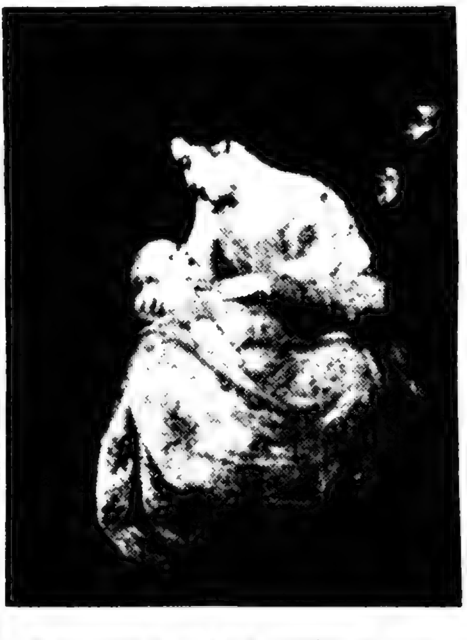
If this Russian captain's schemes are practical, let him come down from the clouds and submit his invention to people with knowledge.

In any case he should at once reimburse all the poor families who have been so cruelly deluded in these preposterous companies.

ART TREASURES for YOU

THOUSANDS of letters of appreciation are pouring in from readers who have already received their copies of the New Illustrated Universal Reference Book—John Bull's magnificent Guinea Presentation. Specially enthusiastic are those from the great number of readers who have secured the superb De Luxe Edition of this 1,280-page work.

Below is a very much reduced photograph of one of the world-famous paintings in the exquisite Full Colour Art Supplement contained in this De Luxe Edition. Sixteen masterpieces of the world are included in this art supplement.



Mother and Son. By Sir Joshua Reynolds

This edition is bound in hand-finished antique crimson art leather of deep morocco grain, heavily tooled in gold with burnished top edges.

Remember—if you are now completing your qualification for this great work, John Bull has made it possible for you, too, to secure your copy in this beautiful De Luxe Edition. Be sure to fill in your Presentation Voucher accordingly and post it off the very minute it is complete.

Worse than Influenza – the dreadful depression that follows!

ONLY those who have actually *had* Influenza know just how weak it leaves you. You feel that you would give *anything* for relief from this awful state of depression. You must get back your strength — and the surest, quickest way to do this is to take Hall's Wine.

HALL'S WINE will help you through all the after effects of Influenza and give you new strength and vitality. It will help to guard you against the serious chest and lung troubles that too often develop after Influenza.

THE remarkable thing about Hall's Wine is that its benefits are both immediate and lasting; in addition to the natural vitamins of the grape it contains valuable medicaments which provide the most easily and rapidly assimilated source of energy. After a wineglassful or two of Hall's Wine you will feel a different person. *Get a bottle, to-day.*

Hall's Wine has worked wonders for the last 40 years in cases of Nervous Debility, Neuralgia, Exhaustion, Convalescence, Sleeplessness and all Winter Ailments.

HALL'S WINE

QUICKLY BUILDS YOU UP

Hall's Wine is Approved and Recommended as a Tonic Restorative by the British Analytical Control Ltd., a scientific body which affords independent testimony as to the purity and quality of food and other products.

Large bottle, 5/6 *Of Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers, etc.* **Smaller size, 3/3**

STEPHEN SMITH & COMPANY LIMITED, BOW, LONDON, E.3.

360

If we delivered each oz. by Air Mail

Bondman

couldn't be fresher

it's in 1oz. Vacuum Sealed Tins

COLONIAL and **VIRGINIA** tobaccos finely blended and packed for lasting freshness in **VACUUM SEALED** tins. Send a postcard to-day to address below for **FREE TRIAL PACKET** sufficient for four pipes.

Please write name and address in BLOCK Capitals

LLOYDS' BONDMAN EMPIRE BLEND IN 1OZ. VACUUM SEALED TINS

10D.

Richard Lloyd & Sons, 'Medal' Tobacco Factory, 83, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1. (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co.)

X FOR FALSE TEETH

False teeth held firmly with confidence if sprinkled daily with

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

A boon to singers, speakers, clergy and business people. Sold by all chemists in patent sprinkler convenient for pocket or handbag.

FREE TRIAL: Send name and address for sample to Kolyn (Dept. F 22), Chenies Street, London, W.C.1

TAKE THIS HERB FOR YOUR CATARRH

SAMPLE FREE

I HAVE DISCOVERED A SIMPLE BUT WONDERFUL HERB WHICH FORMS PART OF MY PROVEN BALANCED TREATMENT FOR ALL FORMS OF DANGEROUS CATARRH.

Thousands are walking about with deadly catarrh and don't know it. Thousands are treating one "symptom" and imagine they are treating the "complaint." I will tell you where they are wrong with my new sample test. You can wash your nose with the best douche that was ever made—you can use worthless inhalants and medicaments and still be miles from treating the source of this dangerous disease.

Run through these symptoms—but don't fall into the error that any one of these is the complaint—they are only symptoms which manifest the urgent need of striking at this foul complaint directly at its source to clear it from the system.

Don't be under any illusion. Catarrh, with the complications that follow, is a very serious trouble. It is so tenacious that every day you leave it, it puts a stronger grip on your system that is more difficult to break.

Don't delay another minute, fill in coupon below and I will show you a simple and rational method of tackling this great problem once and for all. Never mind what you have tried or your previous disappointments, my plan is based on a "no relief no pay" principle, so that you have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

First get my free sample test and free treatise which will outline my plan and show that my simple and logical home treatment attacks Catarrh where it starts and breeds. Give this dread disease marching orders, clear it right out of the system. Write at once and I will convince you at my expense that I can prescribe for your case and banish finally your Catarrh with my inexpensive method. Post coupon right away.

YOU *HAVE* CATARRH *IF* - - - - - - -

- Nose is Stuffed up.
- You have head noises.
- Your hearing is failing.
- You catch cold easily.
- Your breath is foul.
- Your throat is sore.
- Your throat always irritates.
- Your memory is failing.
- You tire quickly.
- Mucous drops in your throat.
- Your tongue is coated.
- You have pains after eating.
- You are constipated.
- Nostrils bleed.

--BEWARE!

FREE SAMPLE TEST COUPON - - - - - - - - - - - -

To ANGUS SINCLAIR, 11/3/33. J.B.
51F, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

Please send me free sample test with full directions and Treatise Booklet. I enclose 1½d. stamp to cover postage.

Name ....

Address ....

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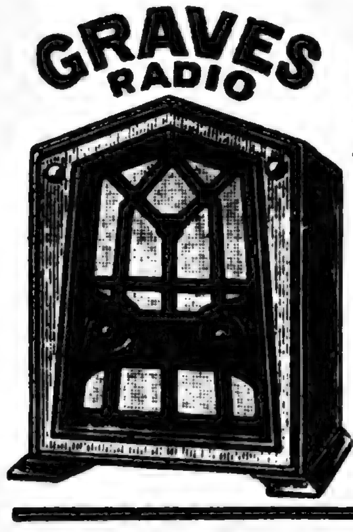

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QUEER TEMPLE of HEALING

BEHIND the recent announcement that a Phono-Therapy Clinic is to be established in London, where sufferers of all classes are to be treated by "sound," lies an almost incredible story of an impudent attempt to extract money from a gullible public.

The organiser is a woman, a Mrs. J. H. Foulds, who also uses the name of Maud MacCarthy.

She has ensconced herself in a turreted, castle-like mansion, known as Grove End, Hartington Road, Chiswick, London, W., and, with this imposing building for her headquarters, hopes with public support to start her great work.

Her claims, according to her literature, are truly remarkable.

Phono-therapy, she declares, is a "bath" of sound, corresponding to sun or sea bathing, or treatment by ultra-violet rays.

By its use the system is "attuned to the subtle but powerful vibrations of sound-waves, which compel it towards poise, equilibrium and health."

And the majority of cures effected in this way are said to be lasting.

Mrs. Foulds, or Maud MacCarthy—she seems to use both names with perfect impartiality—claims phono-therapy as her own discovery and the achievement of many years of research.

Big admission

Among cases said to have been treated with success are insomnia, noises in the head, catarrh, common colds, nervous dyspepsia, general debility, after-effects of operation, rheumatism, nausea, fractured bone, effects of spinal curvature, some forms of deafness, neurasthenia and insanity, neuritis and water on the knee.

In spite of this, she modestly says that phono-therapy is not a "cure-all," though she thinks it may prove to be "another wonder of science and of art."

And she has even made the surprising admission that the "close co-operation" of a genuine doctor is essential!

Two Frankfort doctors are said to have made great strides in experimenting with sound treatment, but Mrs. Foulds claims to have arrived at the same conclusions independently.

"Every organ, each nerve-centre of the body, has a note," she declares. "My sensitivity is so acute that when I begin a treatment I can almost invariably hear the note or notes in the patient's anatomy which require to be dealt with.

"If a patient's body gives me a note out of tune, I know that the region to which it corresponds is affected. Diagnosis is correct in about 70 per cent. of cases.

"The sounds I administer serve the purpose of readjusting the false pitch. In most cases the patient is helped or cured."

Strange schemes

All this is very arresting and calculated to attract considerable interest, particularly among the many classes of sufferers embraced in the comprehensive list of ailments cited as having been successfully treated by song and sound.

But before patients start to flock to this new Phono-Therapy Clinic in expectation of similarly miraculous cures, there are a number of facts they would do well to ponder.

On making enquiries, we find that this song-curing campaign is only one of many activities now being controlled by Maud MacCarthy from her Chiswick castle.

She presides there as "founder and hon. organiser" of an enterprise known as "Everyone's Concern," the aims of which are "Purpose, or will to achieve," "Recreation," "Health," "The Art of Living," and "The Search for Truth."

Under one or another of these various headings she plans to form "A Puppet Festival Theatre Club," a concert orchestra, a hostel for the unemployed, and a social club where members can be taught such diversified accomplishments as cookery and folk-dancing.

Nor does this exhaust the scope of her endeavours. Rooms are to be set aside in her castle for visitors, where they may seek recreation after their own individual manner "with the minimum of interference."

Short or long stays can be arranged for those desiring a place of retreat, rest and thought, at moderate charges.

"We ask you for money, but not as a 'beg,'" is Maud MacCarthy's assurance, in stating her need for a thousand people who will guarantee a subscription of one guinea apiece for a year, or possibly five years.

Now, most people will agree that this is a queer mixture of aims and objects to be found in a clinic that exists ostensibly for treating sufferers from nervous dyspepsia, general debility, rheumatism, catarrh and other ailments.

And, although a guinea fee is said to include everything, we cannot see why patients should wish to include in their cure such diversions as puppet shows and cookery lessons!

In any case, the clinic as it now exists cannot be said to be adequately equipped for carrying on the work of healing, let alone its many other activities.

At the moment it is staffed almost entirely by men whom Maud MacCarthy frankly admits have been "rescued" from the streets.

Reincarnate

And while they may be very efficient in carrying out the various menial tasks allotted to them, they can hardly possess qualifications befitting them to play any prominent part in the work of healing at this queer temple of song.

Among them is a young man who will tell you quite seriously that he is the reincarnation of the famous Shah Jehan, founder of the Taj Mahal at Agra, a belief which is also accepted by Maud MacCarthy.

This is interesting, because India seems to hold a peculiar fascination for this enterprising woman.

On occasion she affects native attire, and Indian musical instruments are prominently displayed in the consulting-room at her clinic. Presumably they are to play some part in her cures by music.

But Maud MacCarthy has a still stronger link with the mystic East. Among the literature she dispenses from the headquarters of "Everyone's Concern" are certain slim booklets, published in Holland, relating to the talks, writings and poems of Krishnamurti.

Now, Krishnamurti is a young Indian who achieved a certain amount of notoriety some years ago when he was brought to this country and hailed by his supporters as a "New Messiah."

He rose suddenly to this eminence after having the misfortune of being under the tutelage of the sinister Bishop Leadbeater, who was condemned for his vicious malpractices.

Mysticism

Since then another "New Messiah" has visited us from India in the person of Shri Meher Baba, who was exposed in JOHN BULL last year, when he was being accepted everywhere at his own valuation.

Curiously enough, Meher Baba's portrait is to be seen at the headquarters of the Phono-Therapy Clinic, though it is not clear what part Indian mysticism is to play in the present campaign of rhythmic healing.

One thing is certain, though. Maud MacCarthy is most interested in a summer camp, which, it is said, Krishnamurti intends to organise in Holland next July

From these facts it will be seen that a very queer mixture of mysticism exists at this new clinic, and it is hardly necessary to add that it is not registered as a nursing home or in any way recognised by the medical profession.

Maud MacCarthy (Mrs. Foulds): "If a patient's body gives me a note out of tune, I know that the region to which it corresponds is affected . . ."

Grove End, the castle-like mansion, Mrs. Foulds' stronghold of healing and mysticism

TRAP for TYPISTS

A CURIOUS offer of home employment is being made by the British and Continental Typewriting Agency, of 90a, English Street, Hull.

Respectable ladies and gentlemen "desiring to replenish their purses," it is said, "will gladly welcome the opportunity of turning their typewriting experience to a useful and remunerative practice."

The remunerative practice suggested is the typing of authors' manuscripts at 1s. a thousand words—and much is made of the "fascination" of thus being able to read works before they are published in book form.

But, says the British and Continental Agency, such manuscripts have value. "Sometimes £200 is sent to you in the form of writing, therefore we must have some security as to your genuineness."

It would be disastrous, applicants are told, for them to allow some unauthorised person to read the MSS., especially if that person happens to be in the literary world.

So, "to avoid the possibility of unscrupulous persons sending for valuable MSS.," the agency demands a security of 10s.!

A deposit of 2s. 6d. must be sent with the initial application and the balance when the engagement is confirmed.

A more impudent attempt to impress the gullible can rarely have been devised.

When tickling throat won't let you sleep

'GO-suck a ZUBE'

That bed-time throat worrying you again? You want some Zubes. They comfort the throat and chest and make you glow. What a boon to bad sleepers!

ZUBES

2½D. PER OUNCE Loose (Except in I.F.S.)

Or in Airtight Tins 3D. and 6D.

VAPEX INHALANT

If you have a Cold

Inhale "Vapex" from your handkerchief and the cold will soon be a thing of the past. "Vapex" penetrates the complicated passages of nose and throat, searching out the germs. The inflamed mucus membrane is soothed, cleansed and protected from re-infection.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V.41. THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

Has New Hair

Kotalko Did It!

"**I was almost bald,**" writes Miss Annie Thompson.

"I tried all kinds of treatments, but the falling of my hair continued.

"**At last I was advised to try Kotalko,** and to my great joy discovered that I had finally found the right thing. The new hair growth developed and strengthened.

"It has been maintained in length and quantity, as you will see by my photograph. My hair is all that can be desired.

"**I cannot praise Kotalko sufficiently,** for it has really worked wonders in my case."

Men also who were bald-headed for years report new hair growth through KOTALKO. Many testimonials from men and women.

Test Box If you have dandruff or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or quite bald, write

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
2, Percy Street (53. W.F.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing package of KOTALKO and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

Name ....
Address ....
....

BOURNVILLE COCOA

REDUCED TO

5½D per ¼lb

QUALITY UNCHANGED

Bournville Cocoa now costs less than three-quarters of what it cost in 1914. Its latest reduced price is very little more than half of what the general cost-of-living figure for to-day would lead one to expect. And what a heartening drink this Bournville Cocoa is, with the chocolaty flavour that children love! Doctors enthusiastically recommend it for its *extra* nourishment. For instance, a leading physician (M.C., M.D.) writes:

'I have no hesitation whatsoever in saying that Cocoa has an extremely high nutritional value. For school children, for instance, in the middle of the morning, it is as good as any prepared food on the market.'

No wonder the doctor's pleased!

Monstrous Outrage on FAMILY of TEN

Mrs. Laurie and five of her eight children, who have been forced to endure appalling ordeals

John Laur. has faced a relentless struggle with Fate

JOHN LAURIE, of Mile End Road, Bow, London, E., is a man who has had more than his share of trouble.

With his wife and eight children, he has just been brought back to this country from Canada in almost incredible circumstances.

This is the crowning blow to a long succession of anxieties and trials which have been crowded into his thirty-seven years.

Twice torpedoed in the war, he survived the rigours of the sea only to face a relentless struggle with Fate and petty officialdom.

After the war, Laurie, a marine and shore mechanic with excellent references, married and started to settle down.

Four children were born to the young couple in the next few years.

In 1927 he decided to try his luck in Canada, and with his wife and family he settled in the Dominion, securing work with a big firm in Montreal.

Slack times came, however, and Laurie was forced to go. Finally he secured work in the City of Verdun in the Province of Quebec.

Here four more children were born.

But bad times still dogged Laurie's footsteps, and when a retrenchment came in the municipal service he was one of those thrown out of work.

When he was offered an opportunity of voluntary deportation to England he readily accepted, as he was assured of assistance if he could arrange to return home.

But after many applications he was informed that he could not be deported as he was not an undesirable person.

A month later he was informed that his case was "still under consideration," but as, in the meantime, he had made satisfactory arrangements to settle down for the winter, he went along to the authorities and asked if the matter could be dropped. *He was assured that everything would be all right.*

Lost home

A few weeks afterwards he was staggered to receive advice from the Department of Immigration and Colonisation that it had been decided to proceed with the deportation.

On October 24 last he was told that he would sail on December 4, but that he was not to sell up his home until he got definite orders.

He heard nothing further until November 30, when he was suddenly ordered to report with his family at the detention barracks at once.

When he asked why he had not been given longer notice he was told that they had been "too busy."

He had to sell his goods in such a hurry that they fetched only $15, which represented less than one-tenth of their actual value.

With this money he bought a few clothes for the children, and the family then reported at the barracks.

Then began an appalling journey to England.

At the detention barracks the mother and her eight children were housed in a small, dirty room containing five single beds, and Laurie was put in a separate barracks with some other men.

After three days in these barracks at St. Antoine, Montreal, the family was lined up in the street and marched to the station under heavy guard.

The children, exhausted by their three days in such quarters, were crying by the time they reached the station, and on the train to Halifax suffered intensely from the cold.

They arrived at Halifax at ten o'clock at night, where they were met by a uniformed guard, who marched them through the streets to the detention barracks. Arrived there, his wife and family were locked in a large room with about seventy other women and children, while Laurie was confined to another room.

Mrs. Laurie describes the two days she spent there with her children as "a nightmare."

Due to their experiences, several of the children contracted heavy colds, and the arrangements in the barracks were such that she could not look after them properly.

Sick, tired and dispirited, the family, four of whom are Canadian born, were hustled aboard a liner, where they were given two four-berth cabins for the ten of them. All the way across the Atlantic the children were sick from the exposure and hurried night journeys during their detention.

In this condition, and with scarcely a penny in his pockets, Laurie and his family were dumped at Liverpool and put aboard a train for London, where they arrived late in the evening

After tramping the streets for hours, he obtained shelter for the night.

The next day Laurie applied to the Stepney Borough Council for a house, but was referred to the London County Council at County Hall, Westminster, where he was told that nothing could be done for him as he was not working

Notice to quit

For several days he walked the streets, while his wife and family were scattered about, sleeping where chance shelter offered, but finally, by selling his overcoat and pawning his wife's wedding-ring, he got together £3 and obtained a basement with one room and a kitchen at a rent of 15s. a week. Here in this semi-dark basement Laurie and his family have attempted to make a home—ten souls sleeping in one underground room.

Within a few days of moving in he received a visit from the sanitary inspector, who informed him that he must get out as the basement front-room is unfit for use as a sleeping-place.

But the authorities could offer this family no alternative accommodation.

Laurie has made repeated applications for help in this respect, but without result. He has tramped all over London looking for another place, but the landlords want either four weeks' rent in advance or a premium which he is, of course, unable to pay.

Several of the children are ill from colds and malnutrition, and his wife is scarcely able to keep on her feet.

The whole circumstances of this luckless family's tragic homecoming demand most searching official enquiry.

Homely Wisdom.—by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Spare *your* Neighbour

DEAN INGE, who says so many wise things to the British public, has lately been giving some good advice to young men beginning life.

Among the more memorable of his exhortations was this: "Never write a disagreeable letter. Put your pretty sentiments on paper, and quarrel, if you must quarrel, by word of mouth. And never put a man completely in the wrong, if you want to be friends with him afterwards."

The first part of this counsel every sensible person will agree with at once, though few act on it. It is a great temptation sometimes to write a stinging letter to someone who has annoyed us, but it does more harm than good—often irremediable harm.

A celebrated author used to have a habit of writing reproachful letters to friends with whom he differed. About this a colleague of his remarks: "Whenever he said to me that he had written So-and-so a long and careful letter, I knew that the fat was in the fire."

A friend of mine had a far less dangerous method of letting off steam when anyone roused his indignation. He wrote the delinquent a letter telling him what he thought about him, piling on the denunciations thick and fast—and posted it in the table drawer. He thus relieved his own feelings without communicating them to anyone else.

The second part of Dean Inge's maxim is still more important. You can say in a moment of irritation something that is perhaps deserved, but is never forgiven.

You may disapprove of a companion's conduct in some particular without wanting to cut him off altogether, but if you humiliate him the chances are that your relations with him will never be so cordial again. Friendship is chilled beyond complete recovery; mutual confidence is never quite restored.

The course of history in this country was once entirely changed by a blunder of this kind.

A famous Prime Minister disliked a certain colleague, and, when a redistribution of offices was being made, sent him a half-contemptuous offer through a third party instead of courteously going and explaining what he wanted and why.

The unwilling go-between afterwards described the result of the interview thus: "I left behind me an angered and insulted man, and from that hour we may date the disasters that soon overtook the Party."

As with the fate of nations so with individuals. We cannot afford to give unrestrained expression to our feelings in a way calculated to lower a man in his own esteem, especially in the presence of others, for the outcome of our resentment may cause much unhappiness in other lives than our own.

You may hate a man's vanity, pretentiousness, meanness, ingratitude; but don't indulge yourself by saying so except in private and in love.

Be very sure of your ground before attempting even that. For you cannot fully know your neighbour's heart, and most men are better than they seem on the surface. When we refrain from hasty judgment something nearly always happens to show us that we would have been wrong to speak.

The Four-Figure Trio

DIVIDE £3,250 by three and you get £1,083 6s. 8d.—or, rather, Miss Tomlinson gets it. So does Mr. Maquire. And Mr. Taylor.

They all sent in correct solutions of JOHN BULL's Crossword No. 200 and share the big prize between them.

Miss Tomlinson is a teacher in a Newcastle secondary school and she lives with her brother, his wife and child at Delaval Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The prize she has won she hopes to use to buy the modern house on which she has long set her heart.

Young Mr J. Maquire, a single man, of 557, Bolton Road, Pendlebury, Manchester, has been crosswording for only twelve months and confesses that he has got the craze badly. He proposes to carry on and land another big prize!

The third winner, Mr. C. Taylor, of 4, Grove Wood Cottages, Hildenborough, Kent, tramped from Cheadle in Staffordshire to Tonbridge, looking for work and now is a comparatively rich man.

Mr Taylor is a farm labourer with a wife and one child. He had filled up the coupon, but had not sufficient money to buy a postal-order. Mrs. Weaver, a fellow-employee at the farm, was going to send in a solution, but, hearing of his difficulty, suggested that he should borrow the money she had proposed to expend herself.

This prizewinner is now in the happy position to fulfil an ambition. After sharing the prize with Mrs. Weaver he will buy a little cottage.

More dreams come true! Turn to page 40 and realise your own ambition.

Germany's Long, Long Road of T

THE reign of terror by Chancellor Hitler and his Nazi (Fascist) followers and the threat to "Jews and Socialists" of the "night of the long knives" are no new thing in Germany.

Ever since the crashing of thrones in November, 1918, ever since the sailors from Kiel, and then the workers of Berlin and the big cities, overthrew Kaiserdom and Junkerdom, the old order has been plotting and planning to come back.

And it has stuck at nothing in its attempts. Terror, wholesale shooting, midnight murders have been used, so has every ordinary artifice of political intrigue.

The Junkers and the big "coal and iron barons" have intrigued with everybody. They have even intrigued with the French while they were preaching hatred of France to the German masses.

Junkers' bid

They have used as their instruments Socialist leaders like Naske and Catholic leaders like Bruening. Hitler in their view is only the latest of their tools. They mean to use him to complete the counter revolution, and then to throw him on the scrap-heap.

Will they succeed? That is one of the big questions in front of Germany. There is going to be a struggle for power now between the Junkers and the Nazis.

Hitler, and even more important, Goering, the Nazi Minister of the Interior and Commissioner of Prussia, and Goebbels, Director of Propaganda, have quite other notions.

If it were a question of Hitler alone, the betting would be heavily on the Junkers.

For "the Leader" is, in fact, anything but a leader. He is, at bottom, a weak man: frantic in speech, but infirm in action. He could easily be brought to heel.

The Junkers reckoned on that, counted that when the moment came they could control him or crush him.

But they have reckoned without Goering, a man of half-crazy, savage ferocity of will, reputed to be a drug addict. Goering will not yield to all the generals and barons in Prussia without a struggle.

Revolution!

He believes in the fantasies of the "Third Reich." He hates barons and Jews, Socialists and Communists, French and Poles and Russians with equal ferocity.

The Junkers believe in the "First Reich"; in the restoration of the Germany of the Hohenzollerns and of Bismarck.

Their policy is plain enough. The Hitler régime is to be the last stage in the path of murder and intrigue and bloodshed by which they are to come again to full power in Germany.

It began almost immediately after the Revolution of November, 1918.

The Kaiser had fled to Holland. The Socialist Directorate in Berlin, the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils in the provinces, governed Germany until the new Constitution could be made.

But in the Directorate were "Majority" Socialists who had backed the war, had taken office under the Kaiser, had co-operated with the old gang.

They were persuaded to leave the Kaiser's officials in real charge of the Services, the Kaiser's generals in control of the salvage of the Army.

They were afraid of the Communist leaders, Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, and the Communistic organisation known as the Spartakists. Liebknecht, who had opposed the war and gone to prison for it, was the hero of the masses. It was he who had proclaimed the Republic from the balcony of the Imperial Palace.

Murdered President

Now he was insisting that the political revolution should be also the Socialist revolution.

The sailors from Kiel were with him. And on December 29, 1918, seven weeks after the Kaiser's flight, picked troops of the old army under General von Lequis were shooting down the sailors who had made the revolution.

That was the beginning of the counter-revolution — the beginning of the bloodshed.

In January, 1919, the Volunteer Corps suppressed an attempted rising by the Spartakists in Berlin. There were ten days of terror as a sequel.

Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg were arrested and taken by officers to the Eden Hotel. Next day the story was spread that they had been lynched by an angry mob while attempting to escape.

The truth came out only later. The two Spartakist leaders had been murdered in cold blood by officers of the former Imperial Guard. They were known. They boasted of their deed. But they were never punished.

The epoch of murder had begun.

In February Kurt Eisner, President of Bavaria, was shot outside the Parliament House by Count Arco Valley. The Minister of the Interior, regretting the outrage, was shot as he spoke.

The Volunteer Corps had "saved Germany from the Spartakists." But those who had hoped that they would be satisfied with this and that they would settle down to loyal support of the Republic were disappointed.

Volunteer corps sprang up all over the country. Their power and insolence grew as they realised that the Government was beginning to depend on them.

They began in 1920 to demand that the Socialist leaders (having served their purpose and checked the course of the revolution) should go. The Socialist leaders refused, and the Volunteers struck.

Who was behind the famous Kapp *putsch*, the first big plot after the war to wreck the new Republic? Kapp himself was an intimate friend of von Tirpitz. He was probably in touch with representatives of the ex-Kaiser.

Certainly the avowed object was an Imperial restoration.

The whole business was rather a comedy, for it was all too previous.

On a March morning the irregulars of the "Baltic" volunteer corps and a division of Reichswehr under General von Luttwitz marched into Berlin. President Ebert and Chancellor Bauer fled to Dresden.

The Government offices were occupied. Kapp was proclaimed Imperial Chancellor. Von Luttwitz was Minister of Defence.

The amazing Trebitsch Lincoln, the one-time M.P. for Darlington and a self-confessed German spy, acted as Chief Censor!

For two days Kapp "ruled" in Berlin.

Enter Hitler

But throughout Germany and in Berlin itself the general strike called by the legitimate Government was solid. Isolated in the West End of Berlin, Kapp and his friends were powerless.

They gave in, and marched out of the Brandenburg Gate again firing volleys into the crowd of spectators as they did so.

The first *coup d'état* had failed.

But with astonishing folly the Government even now took no steps to disband the volunteers or to purge the Reichswehr.

Instead they used the Volunteer Corps to crush the Ruhr miners who kept on the general strike, demanding a Socialist Republic.

The slaughter in the Ruhr in those months was terrible. The Volunteer leaders took their revenge on the miners for the failure of the Kapp *putsch*.

The *coup d'état* had failed. The Allies were demanding the suppression of the Volunteer Corps.

The second phase began: the phase of murders and illegal associations. It is now that Hitler begins to appear on the scene.

"Consul" and the other murder bands took the place of the Volunteer Corps. They began to preach a fierce anti-Semitism.

All Germany's troubles were due to Jews. Some added Jesuits and Freemasons.

Ludendorff even announced that Christianity was the source of the trouble and that Germany's motto must be "Back to Odin."

Hitler and his lieutenant, Eckert, financed by the Junkers, founded their National Socialist party, designed chiefly to split the workers and prevent any repetition of the general strike that ended the Kapp adventure.

"Rendered harmless"

The Black Reichswehr reorganised secretly the formations disbanded at the demand of the Allies.

And everywhere the murders began.

All political personages unpopular with the extremists, or dangerous to the reaction, were to be "rendered harmless."

That was the slogan, and in the years from 1921 to 1923 it was well and truly carried out.

Most of the men "rendered harmless" were unknown beyond the borders of Germany. But two of the murders startled the whole world.

Erzberger, the Catholic leader, who had committed the crime of signing the Armistice, was killed in 1921. The murderers were known, but never punished.

Walter Rathenau, the Jewish Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the most brilliant business man in Germany, was shot dead in June, 1922.

An attempt to poison Scheidemann, the Socialist ex-Chancellor, failed, so did an attempt to kill the famous journalist, Maximilian Harden.

For three years the campaign of murder and cold terrorism went on.

"Terror all along the road" —a brush between police and Communists in 1929

TERROR

—and more to come?

Then the reactionaries tried another *putsch*.

The occupation of the Ruhr in 1923 had shaken Germany to its foundations. The mark was crashing to unfathomed depths. The action of the French had kindled an intense nationalist feeling. The Government was weak and hesitant. It had used the Reichswehr to suppress a quite legal Socialist-Communist coalition in Saxony and Thuringia.

A vast bungle

Nationalist and Nazi bands were concentrated in Bavaria, in Thuringia, in Eastern Prussia. But the whole business was bungled.

Four hundred volunteers marched on Custrin, summoned the fortress to surrender, and then surrendered themselves.

Hitler and Ludendorff kidnapped the heads of the Bavarian Government and proclaimed the Third German Reich in a Munich beer-hall. But they capitulated within a few hours. It looked for a while as if the movement must collapse from ridicule.

The next few years were the strongest of the Republic. The Reparations settlement of 1924, the evacuation of the Ruhr, the stabilisation of the currency, the temporary economic revival all helped.

The old volunteer bands were for the most part united in the Stahlhelm, a nationalist organisation of ex-officers, and kept quiet. Hitler settled down to a wild-mouthed but peaceful propaganda.

The new tactics of sapping the Republic by political intrigue were adopted everywhere. For six years the terror died down.

But in those six years the Socialist President was replaced by von Hindenburg. The Socialists were got finally out of the Reich Government. The Reichswehr passed from the control of a Democrat to the control of a Monarchist.

Nearly every key position was got into the hands of a reactionary. And the device of governing, taxing and legislating by decree (on the strength of a Constitutional Article intended to give the Government power to suppress riots) was elaborated.

Everything had been prepared for the real seizure of power. And when von Hindenburg gave the Nazis (now a strong political Party) the right to parade in uniform, it was obvious what was wrong.

There began a new campaign of murder. Murder of the most cold-blooded kind. For a year past night after night has been a "night of long knives."

Night horror

Sometimes there has been open fighting between Nazis and Communists, or Nazis and Socialists. That is another matter.

The sinister thing has been the midnight terror. All across Germany men have been shot in bed as they slept, or wakened, dragged from their houses, tortured and killed.

That has gone on night after night, week after week.

It was the preparation, the moral preparation, for the triple *coup d'état* that has been carried out by von Hindenburg—or rather by the Junkers that surround the old man and tell him what to do.

First the Catholic Bruening was removed from the Chancellorship and the Monarchist von Papen installed.

Then the Prussian Government (which was still Democratic and headed by the Socialist, Otto Braun) was turned out of office and arrested by a çolonel of Reichswehr.

A brief interval of rather complex manœuvring, and enter Hitler as Chancellor, with the far more formidable Captain Goering as Commissioner for Prussia.

Legalised crime

The terror is legalised. The murder of Socialists and Communists is approved by authority. The Nazi bands (a high proportion of them convicted criminals) are uniformed and armed by the State.

It is a long road of terror that Germany has trodden since Karl Liebknecht proclaimed Peace and the Republic from the Kaiser's Palace in Berlin.

And even now it is not ended. There may be worse to come. Or the two sections, Nazi and Nationalist, may be at each other's throats before long.

The agony of Germany is not over.

Men of the Volunteer Corps who helped to suppress the Spartakist rising in January, 1919, fire at the revolutionaries from behind a barricade of news reels outside the offices of a Berlin newspaper

Just when you're going to show him off
DOWN HE GOES!

EVERY thoughtful dog owner is proud of his dog's fitness. But have you ever experienced the disappointment when, just as you're going to show your dog off, down he goes, listless and creeping out of sight? Don't blame your dog, because you are probably the cause of this listlessness. Lack of exercise on rainy evenings, or a meal of too rich food, mean that impurities find their way into his blood. Stomach and liver are soon affected and your dog becomes listless and unfriendly. What your dog requires is Bob Martin's Condition Powders to purify his blood and keep him always fit, friendly and in happy spirits. Bob Martin's Condition Powders cure **and prevent** all blood ailments, such as **listlessness, loss of appetite, continual scratching, dull coat, sulky temper, eczema and swellings between the toes.**

TO-DAY get a packet of Bob Martin's Condition Powders from your chemist or dog biscuit shop.

In 6d packets of 9 powders. The 1/- boxes contain 21 powders. Made (since 1892) by Bob Martin, Ltd., Southport, Eng.

That is why
BOB MARTIN'S CONDITION POWDERS
KEEP dogs fit!

"Terrible Cough . . practically gone . . after *two* applications"

"I have never previously written a letter of this description, but I am sending you this because your Musterole Brand Ointment has so often helped me and I feel you deserve some expression of appreciation.

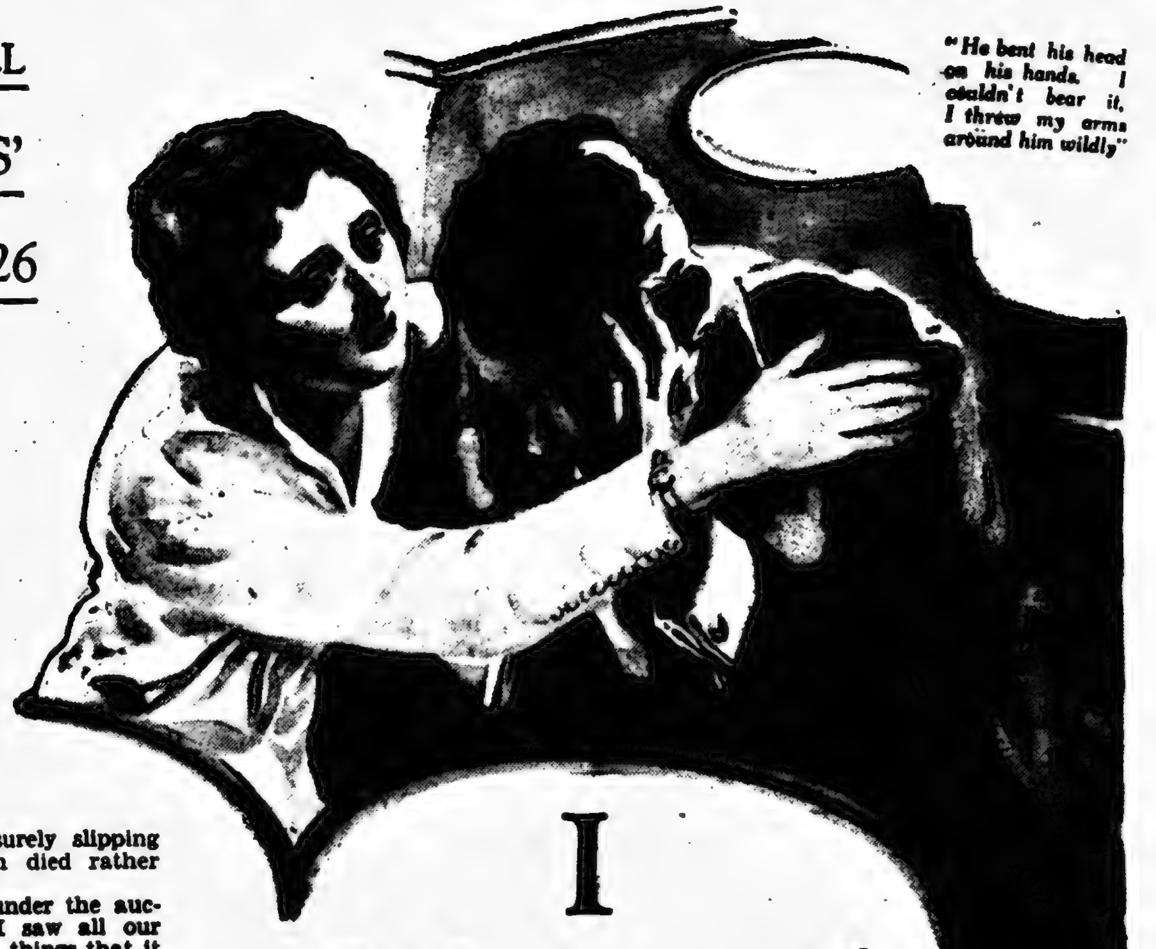
"A chemist recommended it two years ago when my husband had a bad chest cold with a terrible cough. After two or three applications the cough was practically gone. He said he could feel the Musterole loosening the congestion. Within a few days he was perfectly fit again.

"Since then we have been regular users and only last week I am sure I stopped an almost certain attack of influenza with it. I think it is a splendid preparation."
Yours faithfully (Mrs.) J.M.S.

That terrible, tearing sort of cough can be loosened at once by the deep-penetrating warmth of this clean, white ointment. Just rub it on the chest. You feel its tingling warmth sinking in. It goes deep down, reaches the congestion, disperses it, gives ease at once, relief after a few applications. Your chemist stocks it. Buy a jar today.

MUSTEROLE BRAND
MUSTARD OINTMENT
MADE IN ENGLAND
Thos. Christy & Co., 4-12, Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

JOHN BULL READERS' STORIES—26



"He bent his head on his hands. I couldn't bear it. I threw my arms around him wildly."

I Married THE WRONG MAN

PERHAPS my story is not as wildly exciting as the previous ones you have read. It has run through narrower channels than the world-wide courses of others, but tragic it has been, and still is.

I was brought up in a small industrial town of the North, close to where I still live. I was twenty-six before I realised that my girlhood's years were slowly but surely slipping away. My parents both died rather suddenly that year.

Our home was sold under the auctioneer's hammer, and I saw all our little household treasures, things that it hurt to part with, sold for next to nothing, as "Lot 6" and "Lot 7," etc.

I went to live in a boarding-house then. I was terribly lonely. I missed my home and all its associations. I was like a ship adrift at sea without an anchor.

Gradually I became terrified at the prospect of living like this for ever and leading the life of a lonely old maid. I dreaded the return each night to my solitary room.

But then I met the man I shall call John Webster. He was a good, stolid, dependable man. He held a fairly good job. He seemed to like me immensely from the moment we met. I seized at his friendship as a drowning man clutches at a straw. It was wonderful to be able to banish the gaunt spectre of loneliness in his company.

I experienced a feeling of quiet content when I was with him, but I realised, almost from the first, that I would never be able to love him in the true sense of the word.

WITHIN six months of our acquaintanceship he was begging me to marry him. I asked him to wait. It was pleasant to drift on in calm friendship; to have other interests than library books and a bed-sitting-room.

His mother was a dear old lady. She treated me as a daughter from the moment John introduced us. She partly filled a place in my heart that my own mother had occupied only a few short months previously. Her little country cottage just outside the town was a haven of rest and love and friendship.

But intimate friendship between a man and a woman cannot last for ever. It either grows into something stronger or dies away altogether. John's questions became more and more insistent as time went on. At the end of two years I realised that I had at last to face facts.

I weighed everything in the balance: my loneliness intensified on one hand, and the security of marriage with John, and the companionship of his mother, on the other.

Could I marry him without really loving him? I liked and respected him. Many marriages, I argued, had been built on worse foundations. I couldn't bear the thought of loneliness, perhaps for ever. Twenty-eight can seem very old to a woman sometimes. I decided to marry him.

* * *

I didn't regret my decision—for a time. Twelve months passed. I was happy in a quiet, uneventful sort of way. But then John's mother died.

With her going went all my peace and contentment. I became restless and unhappy in a vague sort of way. Something was missing in my life. I wanted to spread my wings and fly away in search of—I knew not what.

John noticed my restlessness. He put it down to the loss of his mother, and I winced when his strong arms gave me a sympathetic little hug.

But the months passed and my restlessness would not go. My life was one long round of boredom. I dreaded the long evenings when I had to sit and chat with John. He became unbearable to me in ways I can hardly explain. The touch of his hand on my arm made me want to shake him off and fly away to my room.

Little mannerisms annoyed me—in fact, my marriage had become a wearisome bond. I tried to control my feelings. The hurt look in John's eyes touched my conscience. It was my own fault, I told myself bitterly, for marrying a man I did not love. Better to have been lonely than lead a life such as this

But then the climax came. I was cutting some flowers in the garden one afternoon some time later. My thoughts were miles away, but in my musings I heard the click of the garden gate, and I looked up. A tall, well-built man of about thirty stood in the path smiling. I don't know why, but I blushed.

HE asked me for some water for the radiator of his car. I felt rather than saw the admiration in his eyes. I knew that I looked not much more than a slip of a girl in my simple house frock, and I was glad somehow.

I got the water—I was in a dream. I followed him to the garden gate and watched him pour it into the radiator. We stood chatting afterwards. He seemed as loth to go as I really was. I twisted and twirled my handkerchief round my left hand. I felt ashamed of the wedding-ring on my finger. I wanted to conceal it from him.

He seemed as attracted to me as I was to him. Before either of us realised it, we had been chatting over an hour. I gave a guilty start when I heard a church clock in the distance chime the hour of five. I murmured a hasty good-bye, and dashed indoors to cook my husband's evening meal.

I HUMMED as I peeled the vegetables and chinked the teaspoons into the saucers. Washing-up was a pleasure that night, and I stole occasional glances into the little mirror over the back kitchen window. I looked brighter and happier than I had done for years.

Had he thought I looked nice? I couldn't resist the thought. Then my conscience smote me. I had never been disloyal to John even in thought previous to that day.

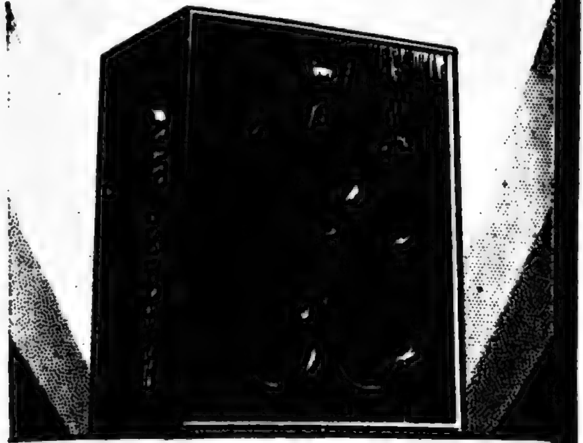
The following week the smiling stranger called again, ostensibly for water. I had known intuitively he would come. I felt flattered at the excuse that brought him and smiled. Again I stood at the garden gate and twisted my handkerchief around my left hand.

It didn't seem to occur to him that I might be married, and he asked me to meet him the following day. I did. I was madly in love with him. Then fate seemed to play into my hands. John started working late on a rush order that had come in at the works.

I began to meet Jimmy Royson—that is not his real name, of course—nearly every night. My conscience was abso-

(Continued on page 26)

Columbia offer you only *Superior* radio!



The popularity of this luxurious Two Valve battery set is extraordinary. On tone alone it leaps right ahead of its price class! Economical to run, and keenly selective, it brings you the fine performance usually associated with only the most expensive sets. Let us tell you more about it.

Luxurious, yet inexpensive, 'The Battery Two'

Please send me fullest particulars of Columbia Model 353 and other Columbia instruments from £4 : 7 : 6 to 90 gns.

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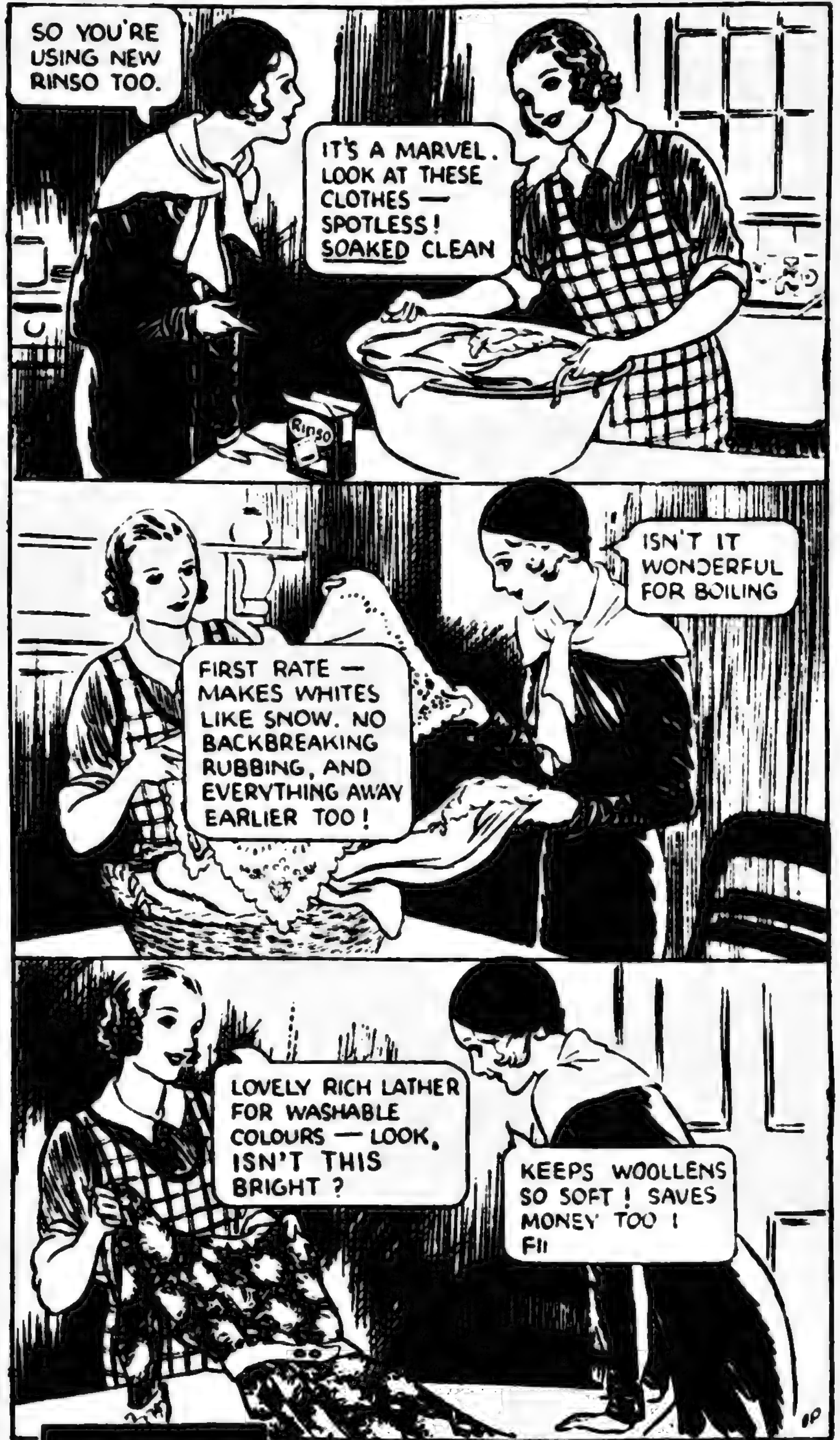
SECRET OF 2 HAPPY HOUSEWIVES


SO YOU'RE USING NEW RINSO TOO.
IT'S A MARVEL. LOOK AT THESE CLOTHES — SPOTLESS! SOAKED CLEAN
Rinso
ISN'T IT WONDERFUL FOR BOILING
FIRST RATE — MAKES WHITES LIKE SNOW. NO BACKBREAKING RUBBING, AND EVERYTHING AWAY EARLIER TOO!
LOVELY RICH LATHER FOR WASHABLE COLOURS — LOOK, ISN'T THIS BRIGHT?
KEEPS WOOLLENS SO SOFT! SAVES MONEY TOO!

"MY FRIEND ADVISED ME"

"New Rinso takes the drudgery out of washday. I use it for every step of the wash — for soaking clothes, for boiling my whites. For washable colours or woollens it's just splendid — and it's certainly kind to my hands." Mrs. J. SWORDER, 26 The Sanctuary, Green Lane, Morden, Surrey.

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Do you realise that next Monday — in the town where you live — *hundreds more* wise housewives will be doing their wash with New Rinso?

Every week thousands of women start using New Rinso. Friends and neighbours say how miraculous it is — they try it themselves — then of course they never wash their clothes with anything else!

The cleanest, whitest washes — naturally they're delighted! Such easy washdays, too — everything out on the line so early! *You* will be just as enthusiastic — so try New Rinso next washday.

Rinso
NEW RINSO

NEW RINSO — best for boiling as well as for soaking and washing. At your grocers and dealers. 3½d. 6d. 10d.

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STAY YOUNG!

SPENCER MATERNITY BELT Maternity Bandeau

This Belt will be individually designed for the pre-determined wearer to relieve spinal strain, and to prevent backache, headache and nausea. Slip it on, and in a moment it is adjusted.

The uplift-Bandeau pictured will maintain the youthful contour, preventing sagging both before and after maternity, and is excellent for nursing mothers.

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Nobody Loves a Fat Woman

The old saying has it that "everybody loves a fat man," but it's probably truer to say that nobody loves a fat woman. Man or woman, excess fat is a handicap. And with many a woman it is a tragedy as well.

A woman's charm is in a slender figure. Fat is the foe of beauty, the hallmark of middle age. And fat is unnecessary. Science has discovered a way to control excess weight. A simple, easy way that supplies the same normal element that the body itself uses. Thousands of women about you are using it every day. They find it in Marmola.

All you do is take four tablets a day. Moderation helps, of course, but starvation diets and strenuous exercise are not necessary. Try it yourself. Take it as directed in the book that you will find in every package. And when you reach the weight you desire, stop. It is so simple and easy that you will regret that you did not get rid of that fat months or even years ago.

You owe it to yourself to try Marmola. Why not start to-morrow?

Marmola Tablets are sold by all chemists at 3/- per box or sent post paid on receipt of price by the Marmola Co. (Dept. 83 A), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Send this coupon or write for our latest book, a two-day sample free, and our guarantee.

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Please forward two-day sample of Marmola, Booklet and Guarantee Form—FREE.

Name...

Address...

....

"I MARRIED THE WRONG MAN"—*(continued from page 24)*

lutely dead to the right and wrong of everything. My wedding-ring was stuffed into a corner of my handbag, to be furtively drawn on again as I entered my home.

Jimmy idolised me. It was torture to tear myself away from his arms and run into the house just before John came home, to cook his supper and calm my flushed cheeks.

But I was living in a fool's paradise.

I knew that this could not possibly last; that things must come to a head sooner or later, and that there would be heart pangs and recriminations.

Still, being human, I found myself hoping against hope that the inevitable climax would be long deferred. I put realities from me and continued to lose myself in dreams. Most people will understand what I mean.

There came a day when John told me that it was the last one on which he would be working late. The order was finished. I realised I had reached the crossroads.

That night would be the last one I should ever spend with Jimmy. I knew he was too honest to carry on an affair knowingly with a married woman.

When I met him my mind was a prey to agonising thoughts.

I knew where my duty lay, but I was by no means certain of myself.

I LAY in his arms in the back of the car in a quiet country lane a few hours later—the last time. I was a weak fool. I couldn't bear to hurt him. He held me close. I remember now the words of the song he crooned over me: "You are in my arms once more." Then he bent his dear head to kiss me as he sang.

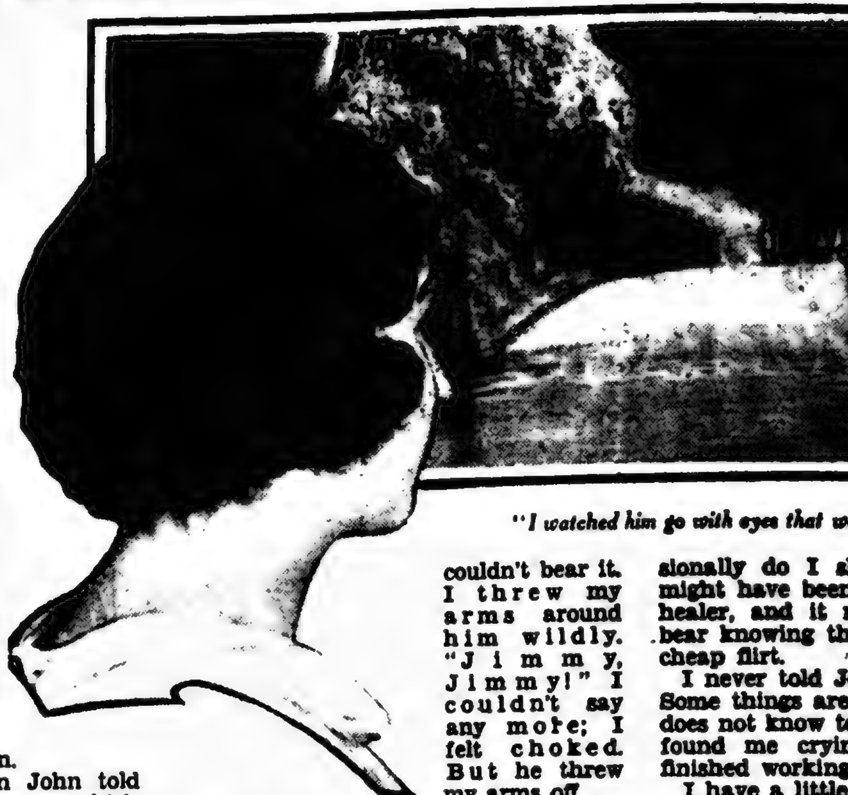
"Why, you're crying, Mary!" he exclaimed, as his lips brushed my wet cheeks. "Sweetheart, whatever's the matter?" and his arms tightened around me.

But my sobs increased. It's funny how sympathy always makes one feel worse. He insisted on knowing what was the matter. I was a moral coward, but he pleaded and pleaded to know why I was crying.

After a while I groped in my bag. "Jimmy," I whispered, "look." And I held my wedding-ring between my finger and thumb, and then put it in its rightful place on my left hand. "Oh, don't think too badly of me," and I sank down in my seat waiting for his condemnation, a miserable, huddled figure.

"Mary," and the moonlight showed me the horror in his eyes, "you're not really married, are you?" I nodded.

He bent his head on his hands. I couldn't bear it. I threw my arms around him wildly. "Jimmy, Jimmy!" I couldn't say any more; I felt choked. But he threw my arms off.



"I watched him go with eyes that were misty with tears"

"How could you deceive me like this and tell so many lies, Mary?" he asked, and his poor face looked pinched and white. There were no laughter lines on it now.

He suddenly jumped up and got out of the back of the car. I followed, shivering from head to foot. Then he turned on me with a look of scorn. "It's women like you who ruin a man's faith in life," he said, and he slumped into the driver's seat as he spoke.

"Oh! Jimmy, no; you don't understand!" I cried; but the roar of the engine drowned my voice. In a few minutes we were at my gate.

I could feel the contempt in his eyes. I got out and waited for him to speak. I was dumb with misery.

"I suppose you know this is good-bye?' he said, grimly. "I didn't think you were a cheap, married flirt." And before I could compose myself enough to speak, his car was speeding madly away up the narrow country road, out of my life for ever—the man I should have married and had no right to call back; *the man I met too late.*

I watched him go with eyes that were misty with tears. If only he had come into my life sooner! If only . . . My heart was breaking as I turned wearily towards my home—and duty.

MY punishment was very heavy for using marriage as an escape from loneliness. I felt as Cain must have felt when he called out to God that his punishment was more than he could bear.

* * *

I am a good wife now. Every meal I cook is a penance for the wrong I did to two good men. Jimmy's image is locked away in my heart, and only occasionally do I shed a tear over what might have been. Time is a wonderful healer, and it makes things easier to bear knowing that he despises me as a cheap flirt.

I never told John about "my affair." Some things are better left untold. He does not know to this day why he often found me crying about the time he finished working late at the office.

I have a little son. I call him James John, after the only two men in my life, and if ever I meet Jimmy at some far-distant date, I hope he will understand why.

John often puts his arm around me and says with a smile: "I never realised, Mary, when I married you, what a conscientious little wife I was going to get."

But he doesn't know all.

NEXT WEEK: — *A reader tells the graphic story of his thrills and escapes when stranded in a foreign city at the time of a revolution.*

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

The Downward Way

"SINCE I have lost my wife, everything has been on the downward way with me. It is as if she had taken all my luck with her," said a very unhappy widower and unemployed father of two children.

His wife contracted tuberculosis a month after the birth of the baby, called Vera, and died in December, 1931.

Vera, who is now three and a half, and her sister who is fourteen, have been their father's constant care. But the elder girl is under the doctor for chest trouble, and Vera is struggling out of a bad attack of bronchitis and whooping-cough. And their dad is unemployed.

Out of his 27s 8d. a week he has to pay 12s to have his place kept clean, the children looked after when he is out seeking work, and so on. His rent is 9s. 6d., so that, leaving out insurances, 5s. 9d. a week remains for food, light and firing.

Vera's dad has tended his kiddies like a mother, and has had many sleepless nights nursing his baby in times of sickness. He has sold and pledged practically all he possessed to provide for them.

"I am sorry to say," he told us, "that I have to have both my children sleeping in the same bed as I sleep in, as I have no bedclothes for their bed."

His late employer, who has known him for ten years, states: "I have never known or heard of him other than as a hard-working, sober and thoroughly trustworthy man."

Now, this man, who nursed his wife devotedly for the last eighteen months of their fourteen years' married life, who carefully looks after his children, running up little garments for them on his wife's machine, which he has learned to work, is now in the depth of despair.

• • •

It is in the power of our readers to cheer him up, as well as many other ex-Service daddies who are in terrible straits these days, by sending donations earmarked for Vera, or the fund generally, to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, which will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips."

LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"Suddenly the flying GOAT swerved to the left and struck a dockyard launch."

EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"In thirteen minutes —— completes his RAT-TRICK."

NEWS-CHRONICLE:—"—— showed no signs of nervousness during the performance, but when, responding to GLAMOROUS applause . . ."

SURREY MIRROR AND COUNTY POST:—"One of the lorries had back-fired, putting his HEART and shoulder out and sending him to bed for twelve days."

TIMES:—"The magistrate found that it was not a 'place' within the MISCHIEF of Section 1 of the Betting Act, 1853."

EXCHANGE AND MART:—"The first essential in regard to this reserve FUN is that it should be absolutely safe, and convertible into cash on demand."

SIDMOUTH OBSERVER:—"Auctioneers' Announcements.—Greenhouse PANTS and Outdoor Effects."

NORTH WILTS HERALD:—"Mr. ——'s DEATH was due to Miss —— for her clever demonstration."

MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE:—"Wages at £47,204 show a DECEASE of £2,618."

READING STANDARD:—"Lovely smooth and rough-coated Fox Terrier Puppies, evenly marked, black and TEN heads."

THOMSON'S WEEKLY NEWS:—"A hurricane left LOOK to the stomach."

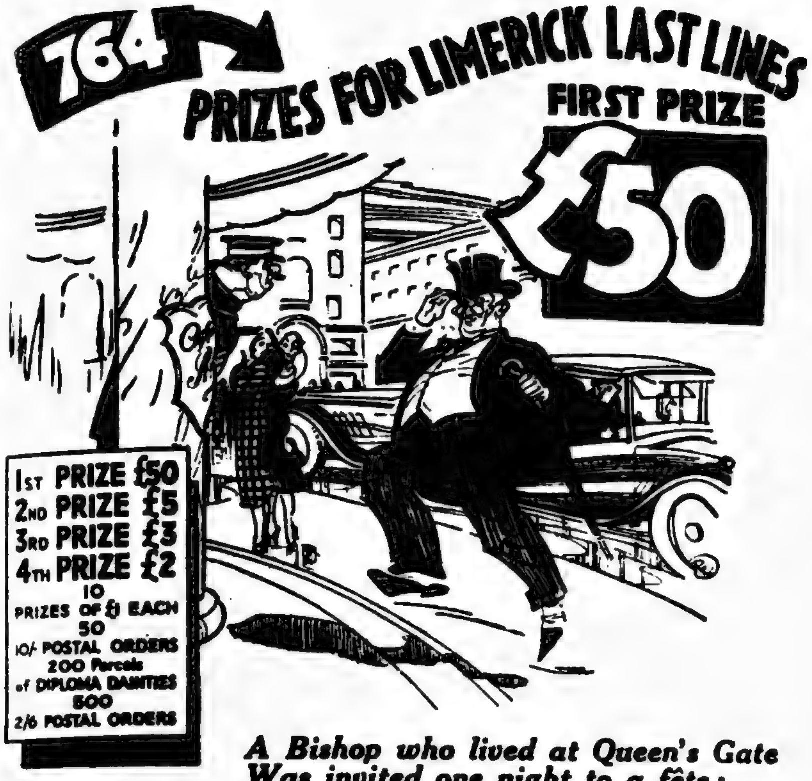
WESTERN GAZETTE:—"'We want to get away as quickly and quietly as possible,' and then the mystery man put his plans for a secret GATEWAY into operation."

NEWS-CHRONICLE:—"He looked and saw Lady —— waving a FIN at him. He nodded and smiled. But the FIN went on waving."

BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE:—"All the licences were REMOVED, the Mayor remarking that Kidderminster was one of the most sober towns in the country."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"Judgment for plaintiff with costs. STORY of execution declined."

WOMAN'S WORLD:—"His VOICE was COLOURLESS, and in his grim face Vi could read no hint of his thoughts."



A Bishop who lived at Queen's Gate
Was invited one night to a fête:
So he rushed up to Town
Minus gaiters and gown

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, 'Regal' Milk, or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be written on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

Some Rhymes that will help you:

bait, date, eight, fate, gait, great, late, rate, state, straight, wait, weight, debate, await, create, elate, irate, vacate, accommodate, agitate, animate, anticipate, celebrate, congratulate, cultivate, discriminate, educate, elevate, emulate, exaggerate, hesitate, meditate, prevaricate, stipulate, terminate, tolerate, vindicate.

Competition (Dept. 7)
WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, March 24, 1933.
Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

DIPLOMA

The *English* CRUSTLESS CHEESE

TESTED JB

D. 248

ALL ABOUT BABY

GET THIS WONDERFUL LITTLE RED BOOK.

Rearing a baby is surely the greatest job in the world, yet busy mothers seem to manage it so splendidly without earning any of the praise which more spectacular accomplishments often win.

As manufacturers who have been solving baby problems for three generations, we offer our homage to them—offer also a practical guide and assistant which has been aiding mothers for over a hundred years, and which is very appropriately titled "Hints to Mothers."

A practical little book—packed from cover to cover with sensible advice as to the treatment of all baby ailments, and telling what to do while awaiting the doctor in cases of accident or serious illness—it has proved invaluable to thousands of mothers all over the world.

It is almost as famous as Steedman's Powders themselves, which everyone knows are the finest aperient from teething time until fourteen years of age. Gentle and absolutely safe, they promote healthy regularity while cleansing and cooling the blood.

Remember they are obtainable everywhere at three-halfpence for a single powder, stamped with the double EE for your protection.

Write now for the "Hints to Mothers" booklet; it is quite free if you mention "John Bull." John Steedman & Co., 270, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

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ECZEMA ON CHILD A TERRIBLE SIGHT

Irritation Dreadful Healed by Cuticura.

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"My little son suffered with dry eczema for two years. It started in little red patches that were dry and scaled over, and spread nearly all over his body, arms and legs. It was a terrible sight. The irritation was dreadful and I had a job to keep him from scratching it in his sleep. It did cause sleepless nights.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample of each. I purchased more and I am pleased to say my little boy is now completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. Glass, 67, Waterloo Crescent, Feltham, Middx., Eng.

Give Cuticura Soap and Ointment the care of your skin.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

The most nourishing
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MALT EXTRACT
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BRITISH MILK
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ENGLISH
FARM EGGS
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FRY'S COCOA

4 FOODS IN 1

"... the best night's sleep I have had for a whole year. I can truthfully tell you that I have had a good night's rest ever since the first glass. Everyone marvels at the difference in me. It cannot be recommended too widely and the price is within everyone's reach."

MRS. A. C., EDGBASTON.

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WITH EGGS

TESTED JB

7½d PER ½ LB.

DOUBLE SIZE 1/2 1 LB. SIZE 2/2

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LARGE FREE sample

Please PIN a 1½d. stamp (which is less than half the cost of packing and postage) to this coupon. Write in CAPITAL LETTERS and post to J. S. FRY & SONS, LIMITED, M.M.C. DEPT. 8.D UNION STREET, BRISTOL. Only one sample to each family: PIN your stamp. Please do NOT stick it.

J.B. 11/3/33

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County ....

Please seal your envelope and use a 1½d. stamp. This offer is available for residents in Great Britain & Northern Ireland only.

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FEEN-A-MINT *banishes* Constipation *in a few hours . . .*

SAFELY, THOROUGHLY, PLEASANTLY

NO TASTE BUT PURE FRESH MINT

Feen-a-mint is thorough — but gentle. No griping, no unpleasant after-effects. And it is *non-habit-forming*. Children love it too!

Feen-a-mint
The chewing does it

Obtainable at all chemists, 1/3 a box.

FREE SAMPLE. Send your name and address and 1½d. in stamps (to cover postage) to: White's Laboratories Ltd., (Dept. F.2) 15, Bush House, London, W.C.2.

DISCIPLINE YOUR HAIR

don't oil it!

Anzora contains no grease to make hair sticky and pillows dirty; it gives your hair a sleek, natural gloss that lasts. A little Anzora—a minute's work with brush and comb—and you can forget your hair for 24 hours.

Anzora Viola for dry scalps. Anzora Cream for greasy scalps. In 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. bottles from all chemists, hairdressers and stores. These prices do not apply to the I.F.S.

ANZORA CREAM & VIOLA BOTH MASTER THE HAIR

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6

HUMAN DOCUMENTS *Probed by* PHILIP INMAN

GIVE HIM HIS Chance

PHILIP INMAN, JOHN BULL'S "Humanist," is always ready to help our readers with their problems. Write to "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

A study in concentration—"When a lad's ability and industry have won for him the chance of a lifetime he should be given that chance."

WHAT are the subjects that most concern the ordinary man and woman of to-day? I don't mean the petty affairs of everyday life—but the real things that matter.

Summarised, they can be counted on the fingers of one hand. They are health, employment, affection and children. And out of the hundreds of letters that reach me every week, a great many of them have to do with the problems of young people—their upbringing, their education, their future careers.

Every parent naturally wants to do the best he can for his children. Every parent wants his children to do well for themselves. And they are both perfectly natural desires.

But in these difficult days circumstances sometimes arise that interfere with the realisation of those wishes. Here is a case in point:

"Can you help me," writes a father, "to decide a question which is the cause of great worry to my wife and myself, and is threatening to upset our home life?

"After seven years of happiness my first wife died, leaving me a son six years old. I felt that at that age he needed a mother, so I married again and by my second wife I have a daughter.

"My son, who is now fourteen, has won a scholarship to go to a public school. It will mean that our none-too-bulky purse will be strained to provide him with clothes and books. My wife says this is not fair to our daughter, who will have to suffer like us because of the depletion of the family exchequer. What am I to do?"

Now what is the best way of dealing with a problem of this kind?

MY correspondent has every reason to be proud of his son's success. It is indeed a fine achievement for a lad to win through to a public school. It is also the gateway to even greater things. For unquestionably a good education is a big asset to a successful future.

An asset, mark you, but not a necessity. Many of the most successful men of to-day have reached their present positions without any educational advantages. But it is also equally true that many others who have climbed to fame are old public schoolboys.

A good deal depends upon the individual. One lad will have a hundred chances and waste them all. Another will not wait for an opportunity—he will make it.

It has been wisely said that there are two kinds of education—one is acquired at school; the other in the wider school of life. They are both equally important. My correspondent's son has the chance of securing the first essential. He has already won his spurs by gaining that scholarship. If it is refused, what is the alternative?

The boy is of school-leaving age. He can, therefore, start straight away and look for a job. But what kind of a job is he likely to find in the present state of unemployment. He will not be able to pick and choose. He will have to take what comes along.

What a pity that would be! His ability and industry have won for him the chance of a lifetime. He ought to be given that chance.

So I urge the wife of my correspondent to take the long view, and, with her husband, concur in the acceptance of that scholarship. It may mean a certain amount of sacrifice now, but the chances are that in a few years this boy will be able to make repayment in some way, and even help to give his stepsister a similar start in life.

My next letter raises another educational difficulty.

It is from a correspondent who tells me that for the last two years her husband has been working one week and drawing the "dole" the alternate one. His pay is only a few shillings more than his "dole" allowance, so that with a home to maintain and four children to feed, it is difficult to make ends meet.

And this is the subject on which she seeks advice:

"We have a very clever son, aged eighteen, who has won his way to the University. With great economy his scholarship is enough to keep him. But my husband says we are going through such hard times—we are often without the bare necessities—that the boy should sacrifice everything, come home, find some work and help us. I personally think it would be foolish for him to throw away such a splendid opportunity. What do you think?"

Should that lad, I am asked, give up his academic career in order to find immediate work and so help to keep the rest of his family?

Let us consider the facts. To begin with, there is no guarantee that he will find a job. And if he failed to find work it would mean one more person to provide for. Even if he was lucky enough to find some employment, his contribution to the family exchequer might not be of any real assistance.

SURELY it would be far better for him to take advantage of his fine labours which have got him so far and become trained for a useful and profitable career than to waste valuable time in a depressing and probably fruitless search for work?

I gather that is the feeling of his mother. Unhesitatingly I agree with her. And when the son has made good the father will be the first to rejoice.

And here is a letter which has to do with that common product—a backward boy. It comes from a mother who tells me that her only child is now eight years old, and although he has attended school since he was three, he knows no more now than on the day he started.

LOOK OUT NEXT WEEK *"John Bull's" latest and greatest surprise for every reader!*

The letter goes on:

"He cannot read or write and does not even know his letters. Yet there is nothing wrong with him and all he seems to want to do is to go out and play. He gets plenty of plain food and plenty of sleep. He is a fine little chap and we have taken great pains not to spoil him. But we are becoming very worried and should be so grateful if you could advise us what to do."

MY correspondent tells me that there is "nothing wrong" with her boy. And that opinion is confirmed by his school report. What, then, is the explanation? It can only be sheer laziness.

In the North they talk about certain individuals as having "two stomachs to eat and not one to work." This lad has evidently two minds for play, but hasn't half a mind to learn how to read and write.

His mother says that "we have taken great pains not to spoil him." Not consciously perhaps. But when there is only one child it is difficult not to do so. That is why many a backward child is an only child! In times of illness such children are fussed and coddled: and even when well are waited upon hand and foot.

What is the remedy? In this particular case I think that permission should be obtained to change the child's school. He has attended the same one since he was three, and new surroundings and new friends might help him to find his feet and his intellect. As my correspondent lives in a city this suggestion should not be difficult.

At the same time the parents should not take too gloomy or serious a view of the trouble. Many a slow starter has finished the course in fine style. And many a backward boy has risen to positions of eminence and fame. History is full of instances of those who failed at school but succeeded in life

ROUGH
HOUSEWORK HANDS

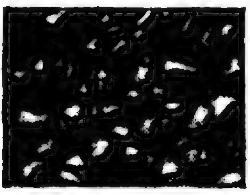
— healed overnight. Best medical treatment

DRY. . . . Then rough. . . . Then red. . . . *Hands that have housework to do are unattractive* unless you take care with them! It's so easy to get yours soft and smooth — half a minute regularly last thing at night with this simple medical treatment.

Famous doctor advises "Vaseline" Jelly

Dr. Kromayer of Berlin, the world-famous expert, says, "The skin again becomes soft and pliable . . . with 'Vaseline' Jelly." "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly replaces naturally the oils your skin needs. Just rub well in, then wipe clean — no mess, no trouble! Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

Skin of housework-hands (magnified photograph) showing effects of "dermatitis calorica." The purest medical emollient known is "Vaseline" Jelly, specialists say.



Trade **Vaseline** Mark
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J212

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THE ONLY SAFE

A regular sprinkle of
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HARPIC thoroughly cleanses the lavatory-pan, and also the bend in the pipe where a brush cannot reach. It thus *removes the cause* of odours. Harpic destroys germs, since its disinfectant power is greater even than that of carbolic.

In 6d., 1/- and 1/9 tins at Grocers, Chemists, Ironmongers and Stores. Send 6d. in stamps for useful Home Book to Dept. P4, Harpic Mfg. Co. Ltd., Hull.

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So do I

So does every
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a cool, lasting
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"DIGGER"
SHAG
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PLAYER'S
DIGGER 8D PER OZ.
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Colds weaken the Kidneys

"Every Picture tells a story"

SAFEGUARD your kidneys during colds, chills, or influenza attacks. At such times the overworked kidneys frequently fail to filter the blood properly. Then you experience rheumatic twinges, backache, urinary disorders, and nerve pains. Don't become rheumatic! Doans Backache Kidney Pills strengthen and stimulate weak kidneys; they have helped thousands, why not you?

"Stabbing Pains across the Back"

On 13th November, 1912, Mr. F. Townsend, 10, The Grove, Reading, Berks, said: "Practically every chill I caught meant an attack of lumbago. I would be taken quite suddenly with cruel, stabbing pains round the loins and back. It was difficult to straighten my back. There was a sediment in the water, too. So, suspecting kidney trouble, I used Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They rid me of the lumbago and they keep me well."

On 3rd September, 1932, Mr. Townsend said:—"There has been no return of lumbago. I am most grateful to Doans Pills for this.

(Signed)
F. TOWNSEND."

Of all Dealers 1/3, 3/-, 5/-

Refuse Substitutes. Insist upon

Doans BRAND Backache Kidney Pills

The genuine package bears the Leaf Trade Mark

JB

GASTRIC ULCERS FOR SEVEN YEARS.

"Different Man After First Bottle."

If you suffer from indigestion in any form you ought to read this letter. A formula which will relieve seven years of suffering is something you ought to know. It is an unsolicited letter from Mr. G. A....... of Tunbridge Wells:—

"Having been a sufferer from gastric ulcers for the past six or seven years, and getting no relief from anything I tried, I thought I would give your Maclean Brand Stomach Powder a trial. I must honestly say that from the very first bottle I felt a different man, and I can now eat anything I like without the least sign of pain; what used to be agony is pleasure, and I have only to take an occasional dose to keep my stomach in proper working order.

"I have recommended it to lots of people with good results and praise."

Remember this: Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is no quack medicine. Its formula is known to the whole medical profession and is in daily use in all the leading hospitals for all kinds of indigestion and gastric trouble with simply amazing results. You ought to try it to-day.

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

JB

The World Champion Billiard-Player's Greatest Hour

IN PLAY.. Before the KING

by Walter LINDRUM

THE "greatest hour" of my life began at three o'clock on the afternoon of February 19, 1931.

It was one which filled me with pride; that threatened, before it began, to overwhelm me with nervousness; that thrilled me with intense excitement.

It was when, at the command of the King, I played billiards for him at Buckingham Palace.

I knew the King was very interested in billiards, and I had been told that I must be prepared to play perhaps for some time.

How much did he know about the game? For how long could I keep him entertained? Would I be so nervous that I would boggle my pet strokes?

These were questions that had haunted me ever since the large official envelope containing the "command" had arrived.

For a whole week I had not had any proper sleep because of them, though I had an important match at the time, and it was necessary for me to be well rested.

They were still chasing one another through my mind like wild horses gone mad when I arrived at the Palace a few minutes before three o'clock on the dull February afternoon which was to make billiard history. They were making a whirl in my brain when Sir Derek Keppel received me—so much so that I was quite incapable of taking in what he was saying, though I knew he was being very kind.

WITH my head buzzing from excitement, he led me up the wonderful staircase that on Court nights is thronged with beautiful débutantes waiting to be presented. Now there were only we two. I felt dwarfed by the grandeur of it all.

Sir Derek Keppel led me to the billiard-room, which is on the first floor—a large room in about the centre of the Palace. The walls are panelled in dark polished wood, and the sombre furnishings serve as a background which throws into sharp relief the vivid green of the table, with the light above it.

The shades over these lights are held in position by a magnificent carved brass chandelier—the loveliest thing of its kind I have ever seen; and the pockets of the table are made of green string to harmonise with its beautiful West of England cloth.

The moment I saw this billiard table a good deal of my nervousness left me. It is magnificently made, and I felt that if I could not do myself credit on that table there was no hope for me at all.

For ten minutes Sir Derek Keppel kept the conversation going somehow, but for the life of me I could not recall now one thing he said. Then punctually as the hour struck King George came in, accompanied by the Queen.

He walked straight up to me and shook hands, and in his deep, rather gruff, but kind, voice, said: "How do you do, Mr. Lindrum? I'm so glad you were able to come along this afternoon and play for us. I've heard so much about the wonderful records you have made that I am looking forward very much to seeing you play."

I had been terrified that I might say and do the wrong thing, but how could I remain terrified after such a warm, kindly reception?

In that stately apartment in just a minute or two the King had created a simple, homely atmosphere which put me completely at my ease.

ALMOST before he sat down he had begun to question me about billiards. After a couple of questions I realised that what he did not know about billiards did not matter very much.

He kept on asking me to show him how I played various strokes. He was, in fact, so interested in the technique of strokes that I did not attempt to make any long breaks—only to explain *how* I made them.

The King is particularly interested in the "top-of-the-table game" and in close cannons. For two hours he questioned me incessantly, asking me how I managed to put such-and-such a spin on the ball, what I did when the red and white were in such-and-such a position, and so on.

When I showed him how I played the "round-the-table" game he was very pleased, and made me demonstrate over and over again how it is possible to cannon the balls and take them "round" the pockets without letting them drop in.

That, of course, is the most difficult game of all. Sometimes a ball drops into a pocket simply because you have made a bad shot.

I took the balls right round the table several times, His Majesty watching with keen interest whenever I came near a pocket and manœuvred round it. Only when tea was brought in did he finally release me.

Then I had to sit down and take part in this little tea-party for four—the King, the Queen, Sir Derek Keppel and myself.

I WAS so excited because I knew I had been able to play well enough to please the King, I was so grateful for the homely, friendly way in which he had talked to me, that I was not at all conscious of what I ate. I couldn't tell you what the china was like. To save my life I could not tell you what things I had to eat.

I remember drinking a cup of tea as in a maze, and I also remember smoking a cigarette with "Buckingham Palace, G.R." engraved on it. It's the only time in my life that I can ever remember regretting smoking a cigarette. But I did regret smoking that one. I would much rather have kept it as a souvenir.

As I was leaving the Palace the King presented me with a lovely pair of blue enamel and gold cuff-links, engraved with "G.R.V." He thanked me very much for what he was kind enough to say had been an enjoyable afternoon, and I knew from his sincere and warm manner that he meant it.

It was not until later that I realised how much my "greatest hour" was destined to do for billiards.

Everybody afterwards wanted to hear about how I played billiards at Buckingham Palace, and there is no doubt that this honour that the King conferred on a billiard-player gave a big impetus to the game.

Certainly that hour was the greatest I have ever lived. I am sure no other could make me feel so honoured, so happy and so proud.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Winster May Win

A FORTNIGHT to the "Lincoln" and not more than half a dozen horses in anything like fighting order.

During a recent hold-up, I noted that George Duller managed to keep Totaig on the move. Totaig stands as my main selection for the Lincolnshire Handicap, and I suggest Winster as worth a saver, each way.

Elsey has excellent galloping-grounds, which, unfortunately, owing to the weather, have not been available for Winster. There is also a fine riding school, a furlong in circumference. This is something much more than a "covered ride," being sufficiently spacious to warrant a good, fast spin.

Winster used this enclosure during the early part of the hold-up, and later his trainer sent him to Redcar for gallops on the sands. I should say that Winster will be "the fit horse."

Captain Elsey engaged Nevett for Winster some weeks ago, a sign of business intentions.

Apropos Winster's record, he won three of eleven races last year.

I still like Heartbreak Hill as well as anything for the Grand National.

The Hurst Park Trial 'Chase, of just under four miles, is the big test for Aintree horses this week-end. Egremont looks to be nicely treated.

Mr. Sandy may win the Piccadilly Hurdle, and I like Lestebridge for the Garrett Moore 'Chase.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, March 9, to Wednesday, March 15.

P U X Z R 98 T F O A Q C 93 B 94 M
V Y 97 L W N 96 G S K H J I 95 E D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95Y98JQ would read BUNCH.

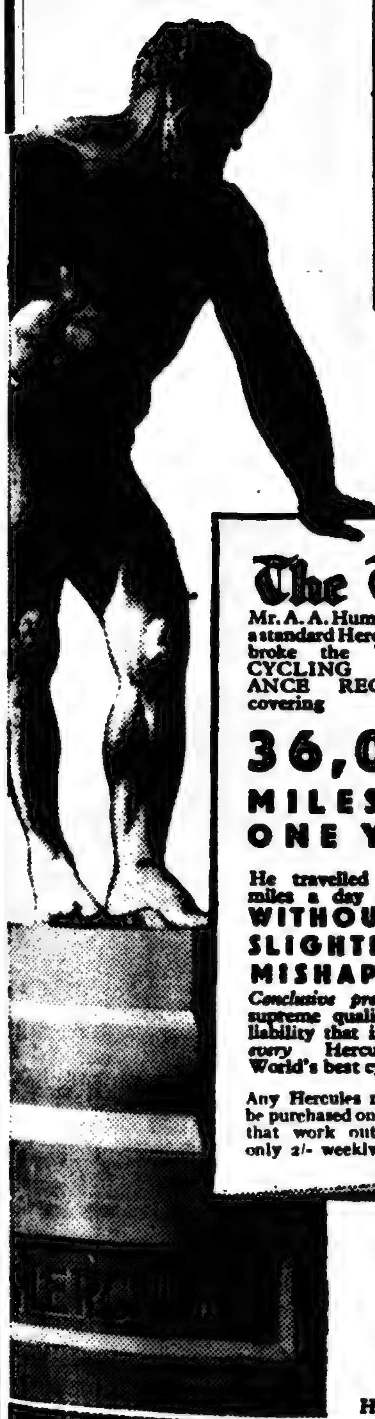
Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

THE "PROVED-BY-TEST"

WORLD'S BEST CYCLE

FROM ONLY

2/- A WEEK



See the magnificent 1933 range of Hercules roadsters, light roadsters and racers at your local dealer's—all of supreme quality—the World's best cycles, as proved by Humbles' world-record endurance ride.

The Test

Mr. A. A. Humbles, riding a standard Hercules Cycle, broke the WORLD'S CYCLING ENDURANCE RECORD by covering

36,007 MILES IN ONE YEAR

He travelled over 100 miles a day for a year WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST MISHAP.... ***Conclusive proof*** **of the supreme quality and reliability that is built into** ***every*** **Hercules, the World's best cycle.**

Any Hercules model may be purchased on easy terms that work out at about only 2/- weekly.

YOUR DEALER IS A GOOD FELLOW

He will be proud to sell you a Hercules because he ***knows*** **it is the world's best cycle. Ask for terms working out from about only 2/- weekly. Also ask for superb natural colour photography catalogue, or send a postcard to-day to the Hercules Cycle & Motor Co. Ltd., Britannia Works, Aston, Birmingham.**

"POPULAR" MODEL

Frame of Best All-British Steel, Dunlop tyres. Dunlop rims Dunlop waterproof Saddle. Complete accessories—including bell, toolbag, spanners, oilcan, pump, and pump clips.

£3.19.9

OR EASY TERMS

With Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear, £4.19.9 or easy terms.

H.C.23

Hercules

Proved by Test – the Worlds best CYCLES

Getting old

Is this you?

"My outlook on life," writes Mr. L. A. J., "was morbid and depressed. A friend advised 'Phyllosan' brand tablets and very soon I was a new man. I breathed again the atmosphere of youth. I am strongly advising all my friends to take 'Phyllosan' brand tablets so that they may renew their strength and forget the number of their days."

Is this you? Are you depressed by the belief that you are "getting old"? Are *you* losing your capacity for work and pleasure, for the enjoyment of other people's company? If this is you, *start taking 'Phyllosan' brand tablets to-day!*

'Phyllosan' brand of chlorophyll tablets, which are prepared under the direction of E. Buergi, M.D., Professor of Medicine at the University of Berne, have a definitely revitalizing and rejuvenating effect upon the entire human organism. They revitalize the blood, rejuvenate the arteries, fortify the heart and increase all vital forces, irrespective of age! All over the world these tablets are helping men and women over forty to *keep on keeping young*.

Not a patent medicine, these tablets contain no deleterious chemicals, no animal extracts, no alcohol, have no unpleasant after-effects.

And it is so simple. Just two tiny, tasteless tablets three times a day. But if you take them regularly the results will astonish you. Get the 5/- size, it contains *double* quantity, and is therefore more economical.

Start taking 'PHYLLOSAN' BRAND Regd. TABLETS TO-DAY!

To revitalize your Blood, rejuvenate your Arteries, correct your Blood Pressure, fortify your Heart, strengthen your Nerves, and increase all your Physical and Vital Forces— ***irrespective of age!***

Of all Chemists, 3/- & 5/- (double quantity)

'PHYLLOSAN' is the regd. trade mark applied to the brand of chlorophyll tablets prepared under the direction of E. BUERGI, M.D., Professor of Medicine at Berne University. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

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Please send me a free copy of the book entitled "*The Most Wonderful Substance in our World.*"

Name..

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Write in BLOCK LETTERS. Use margin to write in. Post unsealed under ½d. stamp. J.B. 11/3/33

Issued by Natural Chemicals, Ltd., London.

Old friend of the family brings another friend!

Quite a lot of people will remember that during the war the first advertisements for a very remarkable preparation began to appear in the newspapers. Its name was Milton, and the claims which were made for it were such that for a while they were regarded as being well-nigh unbelievable.

Could a simple, colourless and inexpensive fluid possibly be used for a "hundred and one" different purposes? To-day we know that the incredible was, in point of fact, entirely true. And there are few households nowadays in which the familiar brown bottle of Milton fluid is not the indispensable "friend of the family."

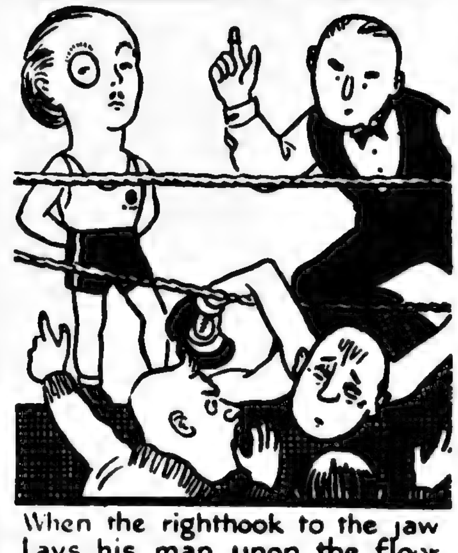
So welcome has Milton fluid been found, particularly as the only scientific cleanser of false teeth, that hundreds of people have asked the proprietors, "Why don't you make us a Milton *toothpaste?*"

The answer at first was that the task might prove too difficult. Obviously the Milton people could only give their name to a toothpaste which was head and shoulders above all others. And most other toothpastes were already pretty good, as you know from experience.

Now at last, after two years of ceaseless research, after analysing practically every brand of dental cream in existence, after trying out scores of ingredients and over a hundred and ninety-four different formulas—the new and immensely better toothpaste has been produced. Milton Dental Cream is now stocked by all dealers—confidently and proudly recommended to you by the makers.

What you will like about it in particular is its delightful refreshing flavour—its taste is so good you could almost eat it! The makers tell you frankly with every tube that there is none of the famous Milton fluid in this paste—and they tell you why. But you should also notice this—that its tremendous whitening effect on your teeth is obtained without the use of any grit or any other ingredient that could damage the enamel.

Milton Dental Cream costs sixpence for the ordinary-sized tube, and a shilling for the big tube (more than twice as large).



When the righthook to the jaw
Lays his man upon the floor
Says the Boxer........

Sharp's the word and Sharp's the Toffee
I like best of all

FOR A
VELVET SHAVE
THE "VELVET" REGD. BLADE
MADE IN SHEFFIELD ENGLAND
THE RELIABLE 1d BLADE
SOLD ONLY AT
WOOLWORTHS

Winning the War WITH THE SEA

ALONG a far-flung battle line represented by the shores of Great Britain incessant war is being waged to-day, as it has been waged for centuries past.

The combatants are the mighty sea and the stately cliffs.

The action is a perpetual series of offensives on the one side and an unceasingly watchful defensive on the other.

Year in and year out the struggle swings to and fro, one side now seeming to gain an advantage and piercing the defences to create a salient, the other now recovering lost ground and driving back the invader.

Neptune has scored many spectacular successes, but Britannia is winning the war!

Even when conditions might well be described as all quiet on the front, the sea is ever restless, ever gathering its forces to launch a fresh attack and snatch a victory.

The sea would appear to have scored heavily on a recent Sunday night, when it bit into 250 feet of the coast line at Sidestrand, near Cromer, and 100,000 tons of cliff fell to it.

Lost towns

Though it is not always so, in this instance there was no loss of life and no damage to house property. The nearest house was Sidestrand Hall, two miles away, the residence of Sir Samuel Hoare.

The encroachment is serious, nevertheless. There was a similar landslide in the same locality in June, 1930, when 60,000 tons of the cliff-face fell to the sea.

Sir Samuel Hoare spoke feelingly on this matter in the House of Commons some time ago.

"I am one of the unfortunate people who own land that year after year is going into the North Sea," he said. "I calculate that over a period of one hundred years my family has lost more than one hundred acres in this distressing manner."

Unfortunately, the losses sustained by the incessant offensive waged by the sea must be measured by much more than mere acres. Many have lost their homes and the cultivated land on which their livelihood depended. On occasions some have lost their lives.

Whole townships have been engulfed in the course of history, and now lie beneath the sea under the sway of Neptune, as at Aldeburgh, in Suffolk.

In quite recent times the East Coast has been the scene of irreparable disaster, when dwellers on the cliff edge have been rendered homeless, the houses in which they were born and bred having toppled into the sea, their foundations sapped by the constant erosion. Pakefield, near Lowestoft, has suffered grievously in this way.

Norfolk and Suffolk are not the only coastal counties to suffer, though they are the most notable and serious sufferers.

Neptune wages war with varying success wherever Britannia's defences are not impregnable, all round her shores.

The Scottish coast, Northumberland, Yorkshire, Essex, Kent, Sussex, Dorset, Devon, Cornwall, Cheshire, and Lancashire are among the sectors in which the fight is sometimes fierce and losses are serious.

Lancashire has had to withstand extremely severe onslaughts. At Blundellsands, for instance, over forty houses have been washed away, and there is the possibility that forty more may yet be claimed as casualties. So the tale might go on.

How the sea's onslaughts have undermined the cliffs at Corton, near Lowestoft, and caused the collapse of dwellings

One of the difficulties encountered in defending the coast against the constant inroads of the sea might be described as lack of unity of command of the defensive forces.

The line of battle is the foreshore, and the foreshore has been defined, in a Bill dealing with the matter which was given a second reading in Parliament, as follows:—

"The expression 'foreshore' means the shore and bed of the sea and of every channel, creek, bay, estuary and of every navigable river in the United Kingdom, as far as the tide flows."

The responsibility of defending the foreshore rests upon those who own it, maybe the Commissioners of Crown Lands, maybe the local authority, maybe private persons who are owners of the land above high-water mark.

Costly defence

The burden of maintaining the defence of the coast is almost a crushing one to some of the authorities concerned. Millions of pounds have been expended by the ratepayers, who have found themselves involved in a rate of 1s. 6d. or 1s. 8d. in the £ for the purpose.

At Pakefield, for instance, the cost of urgently necessary defence works was estimated at £7,000. A penny rate in Pakefield produces less than £20.

Pakefield, however, adjoins Lowestoft, a much wealthier area, where they were able to spend hundreds of thousands of pounds on elaborate defence works.

In the Spilsby and Alford areas, to take another instance, defence works cost £46,000. Grants were received amounting to £17,669, which left a burden of over £28,000 on the ratepayers, nearly £3 an acre on an acreage of 9,550. The actual rate varied from 2s. to 5s. in the £.

In a totally different area, such as Hastings, where hundreds of thousands of pounds have been spent in defence works, the burden is not so intolerable.

Great Yarmouth spends something like £70,000 a year in defence works to protect itself from the continually threatening inroads of the sea.

The London County Council, strange as it may seem to some, is one of the authorities heavily involved in this coastal warfare, for the Thames being a tidal river right up to Teddington, its banks up to that point are seashore. The famous terrace of the House of Commons itself is part of the foreshore.

Only a few years ago the sea made a rush attack on the riverside defences at Millbank, within a stone's throw of St. Stephen's, and many people were driven out of their houses or drowned in them.

The resources of the London County Council for defence against the sea are, of course, immeasurably greater than those of a small agricultural community.

Beggar my neighbour

But it is not only in the resultant inequitable distribution of the burden of expense that the lack of unity of command in the defensive forces presents a difficulty.

It is quite possible for the fortifications erected by one authority for its own protection to render the foreshore of a neighbouring authority more vulnerable to attacks by the sea. This has, in fact, frequently occurred.

It may happen that in order to obtain material for use in the construction of defence works, a local authority will collect sand, shingle, or gravel from its foreshore, and in so doing remove a natural barrier which has protected its neighbour.

In a notable instance of this kind, the offender was actually the War Office! It occurred in the Isle of Wight, where the War Office removed shingle from the foreshore for the purpose of building a fort.

As a result, coast erosion there has increased to an alarming extent, and it will take years before another shingle bank has formed to act as a natural defence in place of the one removed by the War Office.

Britain is growing!

In 1929, a Coast Protection Bill designed to co-ordinate the defence against the attacks of the sea was introduced as a Government measure by the late Mr. William Graham, then President of the Board of Trade, but it went no further than a second reading.

It was then shown, however, according to the latest available figures, that while, over a period of approximately thirty-five years, rather more than 6,000 acres of land had been lost to the sea, during the same period no fewer than 48,000 acres had been added to this country in land recovered from the sea and by various forms of accretion.

In the long run, then, Britannia is winning the war on the sea front.

THE GREAT SECRET!

If you knew what we know you wouldn't know how to keep quiet. In the meantime ask your friends to watch "John Bull"—more next week!

It saved him as a baby —it's the making of him now!

Mother was worried, nothing would stay on his stomach – until she found Nestlé's. Milk with a curd so light, small and flaky – the most delicate mite can digest it.

What a mistake, then, to leave its concentrated goodness behind with babyhood! A spoonful makes bread-and-milk nicer and twice as nourishing. No more breakfast-table scenes!

Spread on bread at eleven o'clock, Nestlé's is the best possible answer to that mid-morning hunger. Children simply love it! Cream sandwich they call it. *It gives them the all-important "extra" they need while they're growing so fast.*

There are lots of ways with Nestlé's to give them plenty of milk. It makes plain cocoa as delicious as chocolate – and much more energising. Every day new ground gained and maintained!

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The "John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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Rugs, Cork Lino, and Congoleum Squares, etc., in loveliest artistic patterns and colour harmonies, direct from Graves Warehouses at money-saving prices. Delivered Carriage Paid for a small deposit with order. Balance in monthly payments. Write for handsome illustrated catalogue post free, showing all kinds of floor coverings, in actual colours at Bargain Prices and on Easy Terms.

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This Natural Australian Opossum Collar is in a lovely shade of Grey. Exquisitely soft and modelled in the fashionable Bolster style. Beautifully lined & ready for fitting to coat. Size 8 x 7in. Price 24/6 Terms: 4/- per month.

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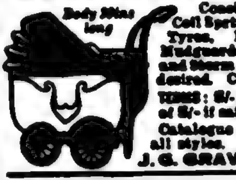

Coach-built Pram with Coil Springs, Ribbed Cushion Tyres, Detachable Hood, Mudguards, Chain Brake, and Storm Apron. State colour desired. Carriage Paid. 50/-

5/- now

TERMS: 5/- now, & 9 monthly payments of 5/- if satisfied. Fullest Approval. Catalogue of Prams and Folding Cars, all styles. Post Free. Easy Terms.

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ADRIANNE ALLEN
the famous film star

ALLUHR

is odourless and absolutely harmless

EVERY GIRL SHOULD USE IT

Read Famous Film Stars' Testimony:

"I cannot imagine anyone wanting to use anything but 'Alluhr' . . ."

"I tried 'Alluhr' and was most agreeably surprised to find it completely odourless, quick and easy to use."

NOT only famous beauties of the stage and screen, but women everywhere who take pride in their appearance, are enthusiastic about "Alluhr." This wonderful NEW DISCOVERY is much more than an ordinary depilatory. Many depilatories contain dangerous chemicals. "ALLUHR" IS SAFE. It is the ONLY HAIR REMOVER WHICH CONTAINS ZAPON OIL, the NEW, SAFE, and PAINLESS ELEMENT. The manufacturers of "Alluhr" hold the sole rights in this new discovery. Try "Alluhr" to-day—it removes unwanted hair pleasantly, speedily, and efficiently, and it amazingly retards the re-growth of new hair. It is economical too, lasting up to five times as long as ordinary depilatories.

Purchase a box of 'Alluhr' in the ordinary way through your retailer. If you are not satisfied and return the box to him within seven days, he will refund your money IN FULL.

TEST ALLUHR FOR 7 DAYS FREE OF CHARGE

If a razor is constantly used, your growth of hair in three to five years will be as bristly as a man's beard.

ALLUHR

The safe hair remover for face and body.

1/- & 2/6

1/- size includes spatula; 2/6 size contains five times as much and includes spatula and special fibre brush.

From all multiple Drug Stores and High-class Chemists and Hairdressers everywhere.

If unobtainable locally write:—

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Uncomfortable
'FULNESS'
AFTER EATING
is really INDIGESTION

INDIGESTION does not always take the form of stomach pain, but often reveals itself in drowsiness, 'heaviness' or feelings of 'fulness' after meals. Whether serious or slight, digestive trouble is nearly always due to excess acid which interrupts digestion, ferments food and generates unpleasant gases. These gases distend the stomach, and thus cause nausea, 'full' feeling and even palpitation. You can avoid this and get quick relief by taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia. Instantly the excess acid that causes the trouble is neutralised; fermentation stops; pain disappears and your inflamed stomach lining is soothed. There is no need to suffer uncomfortable, after-meal 'fulness' which is really indigestion, a 1/3 packet of 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder or tablets will banish stomach trouble.

'BISURATED'
MAGNESIA
prescribed for INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, GASTRITIS, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN or ACIDITY.

IF RHEUMATIC
DISSOLVE THIS IN YOUR
MORNING TEA

Then the pains, aches, swellings, stiffness and other misery simply HAVE to go —says ALICE LANDLES, Certified Nurse.

Rheumatism can be caused in but one way. That is by acids and impurities in the blood. Chemical analysis and microscopic examination of the blood prove this beyond the possibility of doubt or argument. Various conditions, such as cold and dampness, or certain errors of diet, can make rheumatism worse, but the primary cause always remains the same. Pain-causing and kidney-irritating uric acid *must be neutralised by an alkaline liquid*, and to do this the liquids you drink must contain the necessary alkaline elements to be absorbed into the blood and act upon the acids. These elements are easily provided. Simply get a small supply of 'Alkia Saltrates' from any chemist. As much of this as can be heaped on a sixpence should be dissolved in your tea, coffee, water or other drink and taken every morning. No trace of any bitter, salty, sour or other taste can possibly be detected. Also it cannot upset or irritate even the most delicate stomach. The only evidence that you are taking a medicine will be the plainly noticeable relief from rheumatic pain which it quickly produces. In each package of 'Alkia Saltrates' is an authoritative and extremely valuable treatise, giving useful diet hints and other interesting information for rheumatic sufferers.

A WORD TO ALL GOOD WIVES.

When your husband is looking worn, fagged out, worried, listless, when he comes home night after night too tired to do anything but go to sleep, it only means one thing. He's taking too much out of himself.

And there's one simple way to give him the new life and new vigour he needs, a way which doctors have been recommending for more than fifty years—get him a bottle of Wincarnis. He will find it delicious, and its effect will be simply astounding. The very first night he will sleep better so that he wakes up really refreshed, feeling fit and vigorous. In a day or two you will see his whole health improve. Soon he'll be his old self again, ready for anything.

Wincarnis is wonderful for run-down conditions. It actually creates rich, new, red blood, it soothes tired irritable nerves and builds up new strength, vigour and vitality. And it does this in a perfectly natural way. It is not a drug to bring mere temporary relief at the cost of future trouble. Get a bottle of Wincarnis to-day.

Why Call Us SHYLOCKS?

The Church's Case in the Tithe War

by

George Middleton

Chairman of the Tithe Committee of Queen Anne's Bounty

THERE are two sides to every question — even the vexed question of Church tithes.

JOHN BULL readers were recently presented with the case (exaggerated, as I think) of those who object to paying tithes But there is another side to the picture, and it is that which I am glad to be able to present here.

It is perhaps rather hard on the memory of pious Queen Anne that the "Bounty" which made her name illustrious should to-day be associated with legal distraints and unpopular payments by landowners.

In 1925 Parliament selected the incorporated body known as Queen Anne's Bounty as the central authority for the collection and distribution of ecclesiastical tithe (about two-thirds of the whole), and it is not commonly known that the Bounty is charged with the duty of acting as trustees for the incumbents

The parson suffers

If a landowner does not pay his tithe rent-charge, it is the clergyman in the same parish who suffers. There is no central fund from which losses can be made good, and the more successful the tithe resistance agitation becomes the less the incumbents, whose incomes are derived from tithe, receive.

The present tithe rent-charge was fixed by Parliament in 1925 at a point generally agreed upon as representing as nearly an equitable settlement as could be devised.

No one but a landowner pays this tithe rent-charge. And he acquires or purchases land in the full knowledge that it is or is not, as the case may be, liable to tithe.

I do not deny that, owing to low prices and the general agricultural depression, occupying owners of farms do in some cases find it difficult to discharge their obligations. But there is no more reason to resent the obligation to pay tithe than the obligation to pay income-tax, ground rent or mortgage interest.

It is true also that there is some discontent, but much of it is factious.

The 1925 Act aimed at "seeking to frame a permanent and final settlement ... in terms which are just to the tithe-payers and tithe-owners alike." Tithe rent-charge was then fixed at £105 for every £100 tithe rent-charge (par value), and for ecclesiastical tithe a small sum was also made payable towards a sinking fund to redeem it in eighty-five years.

Ecclesiastical tithe is now being collected on this basis without serious delay in payment over the greater part of England But during the last two years tithe-payers' associations have endeavoured to spread discontent among tithe-payers, and it is significant that their efforts have been concentrated in districts where the agricultural depression has been most acute.

"Driven to Parliament"

A sense of grievance and injustice can easily be established among occupying owners who see capital and credit fast disappearing through low prices and debts to mortgagees, banks and merchants.

The campaign has been directed in some cases towards persuading tithe-payers not to pay tithe at all.

In others it has been against the rate of payment, but the objective generally has been to induce tithe-payers to cease payment in the hope that tithe-owners might be driven to ask Parliament to intervene.

This seems the one and only contribution of most of these associations to the problem of agricultural depression!

It was alleged by the writer of the recent article on tithes in JOHN BULL, who compared the Church to a Shylock insisting on its "pound of flesh," that the sum at which the tithe rent-charge was stabilised by the 1925 Act (£105 per £100 tithe par value) was based on war prices for farm produce. This is not so.

The figure of £105 was arrived at by the Government, after expert investigation, as the "perpetuity equivalent" of the varying sum which would be payable, apart from stabilisation, on the basis of tithe being subsequently computed yearly according to the corn prices of the preceding fifteen years.

The war prices would be included in the earlier calculations, but their influence on the ultimate figure would be of only limited effect.

Sauce for the goose . . .

It is probably true that such low prices as now prevail were not contemplated, but the reasonableness of a figure representing a value in perpetuity cannot fairly be judged on the prices of any particular period

It is incorrect, however, to say that the prices have been "broken to smithereens" since 1925. It has been estimated that the total of all produce sold off farms in England and Wales during the agricultural year 1924-25 was £235,000,000, as against nearly £200,000,000 in the year 1930-31.

Moreover, although the tithe-payer is to-day paying more than he would pay on the basis of the old seven years' corn price averages, it must not be overlooked that up to the end of 1931 he paid each year very much less than he would have done under those averages.

The tithe-owners did not complain when, from 1918 onwards, notwithstanding the high cost of living, their tithe receipts were greatly reduced by stabilisation, and it is unfair on their part to demand a reduction immediately the advantage passes to the other side.

No one will deny that agriculture has been passing through a critical time owing to low prices; and, although tithe rent-charge normally bears such a small part of the total outgoings of the occupying-owner, Queen Anne's Bounty and the clergy concerned have been doing everything possible to ease the burden of the harassed farmer in the areas of acute agricultural depression.

It is quite untrue to say that Queen Anne's Bounty is "pressing forward by every means possible for every penny that the law would give them except in a few isolated cases."

Over a thousand cases have already been investigated by Queen Anne's Bounty, and some hundreds of cases have been settled by concessions being made, and the process is continuing daily.

Remission cases

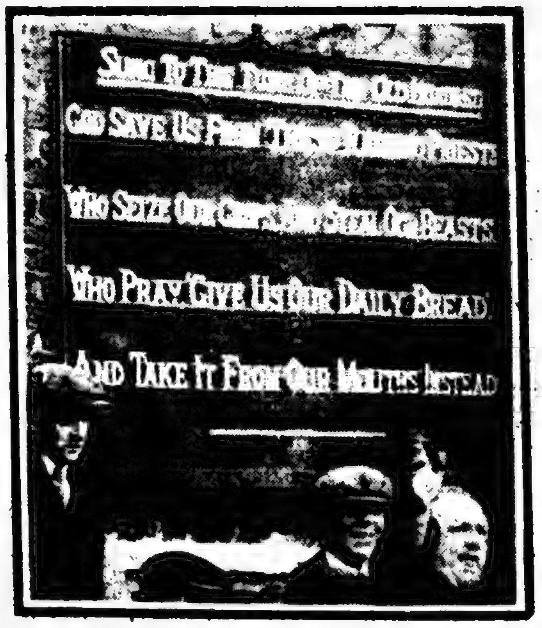
The Bounty has publicly declared its policy to be one of sympathetic consideration for the hard-pressed agriculturists.

Any landowner in the distressed areas who finds the payment of tithe rent-charge an overwhelming burden is entitled—and, indeed, invited—to ask the Bounty to consider his case with a view to a remission being made on the grounds of hardship.

No fewer than four specially qualified officers of the Bounty spend their whole time in calling upon landowners, who, having found difficulty in meeting their obligations, have asked the Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty to examine their positions.

The Governors, however, cannot be expected to continue to regard with sympathy the position of tithe-payers who, under the influence of agitators, openly avow that they will not under any circumstances discharge their legal obligation to pay tithe.

Queen Anne's Bounty stands by the settlement of 1925 and maintains that its policy during the present lean years of making concessions in the really hard cases meets the realities of the position much more effectively than any interference with that settlement would do.


WHO PRAY GIVE US OUR DAILY BREAD
AND TAKE IT FROM OUR MOUTHS INSTEAD

A protest meeting in North Wales, part of "the campaign directed towards persuading tithe-payers not to pay tithe at all"

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Committee Bounty

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ONE OF THESE
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WILL FIT YOUR
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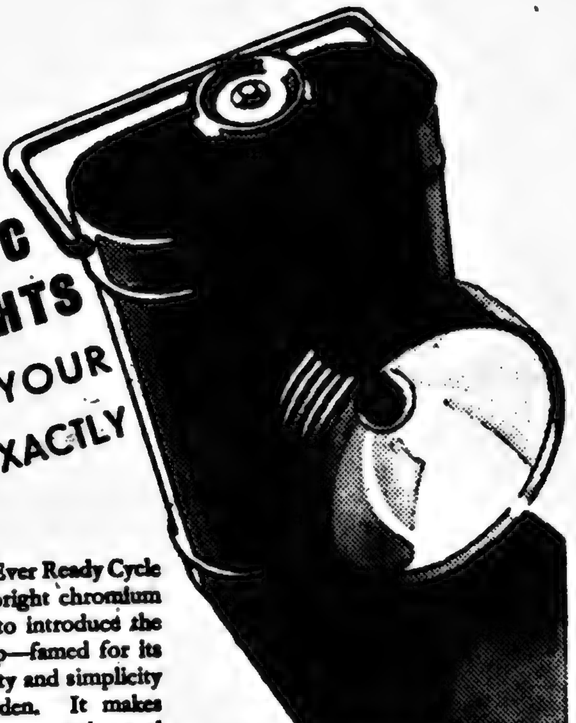

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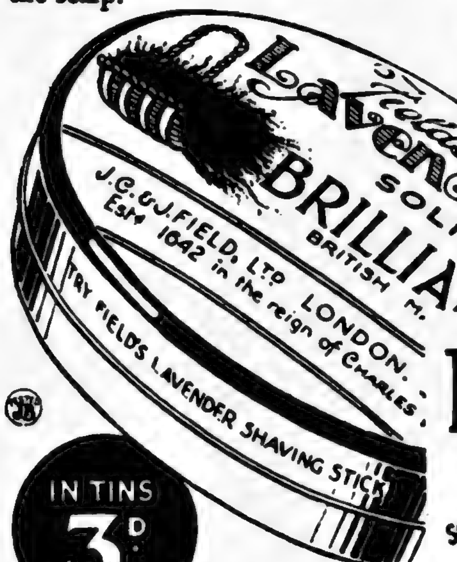
You're safe in using FIELD'S, the finest Solid Brilliantine made. It keeps the hair in perfect condition all day, never clogs, and has a tonic effect on the scalp.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NEVER before was there such a set within the reach of the home constructor. Never before such power from a battery set. Never before so many enthusiastic letters from constructors about any radio set as this Lissen "Skyscraper" Kit has elicited. Lissen have published a 1/- Constructional Chart, giving the most detailed instructions ever printed for the building of a wireless set. You can't go wrong—every part, every wire, every terminal is identified by photographs. Everybody, without any technical knowledge or skill, can safely and with COMPLETE CERTAINTY OF SUCCESS undertake to build this most modern of radio receivers from the instructions given and the parts Lissen have supplied.

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You can get the Lissen "Skyscraper" Chart FREE from any radio dealer, or by posting the COUPON on left direct to factory.

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YOURS FOR ONLY 8/6 DOWN

To-day you can buy the LISSEN "SKYSCRAPER" KIT on Gradual Payment Terms.

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SANATORIUM PATIENT FINDS RELIEF FROM
HackingCough

'Pineate' Honey Syrup succeeded after other treatments failed.

ANOTHER AMAZING LETTER.

Even the most stubborn cough can be *instantly eased and quickly banished* as this letter from yet another sanatorium patient clearly proves:—

"I have just observed in your advertisement a one-time Sanatorium patient praising 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup. I, too, was a patient at—— Sanatorium and suffered considerably with a hacking cough—particularly at night. Linctus and other medicine failed to do any good. I heard of 'Pineate' and I had a bottle sent to me. It soon eased the cough—sufficiently to allow of several hours sleep—after a teaspoonful being taken. I certainly had very poor sleep until I took 'Pineate' Honey Syrup.
(Signed) R. Pritchard, Polegate.

P.S. Of course you realize the taking of medicine other than prescribed by the Sanatorium Doctor was prohibited but could you blame me?"

You can feel the very first dose of 'Pineate' Honey Syrup doing you good as its warming, antiseptic vapours permeate the throat, chest and lungs and its soothing ingredients ease sore, cough-torn tissues. If you are racked by an obstinate cough that nothing seems to move, ask your chemist for a 1/6d. bottle of 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup, the bronchial remedy which no cough can resist.

Millionaire Now Tells

Why He Married Poor Working Girl

"The moment she looked up at me I was fascinated by the clear, fresh white beauty of her skin. I decided there and then I wanted her to be my wife."

Any woman can now easily have a skin that is soft, white and smooth—the kind of skin all men love and admire. Simply start the daily use of the new Crème Tokalon Skinfood, White Colour (non-greasy). It contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil combined with whitening, tonic and astringent ingredients. It instantly penetrates, soothes irritated skin glands, tightens enlarged pores, dissolves blackheads so that they fall away. Whitens and softens darkest, roughest skin. Gives indescribable new skin beauty and freshness in 3 days—such as can be obtained in no other way. It should be used every morning.

Hospital Opened My EYES

by a Grateful Patient

"She is waited on, not as a kindness or a favour, but as a right . . ."

DAY was just dawning in the ward when I opened one eye and saw pretty night nurse, still fresh and patient after her night's vigil, trotting up and down carrying huge bowls.

Twenty bowls for twenty beds, twenty to be carried in, twenty to be carried out!

My bowl steamed by the side of my bed, for I was one of the lucky ones who had to be washed; so I did not stir until nurse came along with her "Wake up, sleepy head!"

I did not mind being wakened at dawn to see the ward still dim and mysterious, to watch the other patients washing and brushing up, to see nurse popping about, to watch the quaint little child convalescent, collecting eggs, with her "Any egg for brekfus, Mrs. Ten?" Finally to see the tea-wagon, with that adorable first cup of tea.

If one has any sense of decency and gratitude one gives thanks many times that there is such a thing in the world as tea, the beverage which must have kept millions from a suicide's grave. But for an absolute life-saver give me the cup of tea in a hospital ward, at dawn, after a sticky night.

"BREKFUS" over, temperatures taken, Sister arrives, the day nurses come in to report, night nurse goes, another day's routine begins.

I pictured hospital as a sort of military barracks, where cast-iron discipline was the main thing and the patients of no account.

Perhaps I was fortunate, for the ward of the "Royal Free" I was in has a reputation for "spoiling" patients, which seems to mean that Sister, who was a combination of saintliness and efficiency, really cared for them.

If anyone still holds the foolish notion that saintliness implies sloppiness and that efficiency must mean a certain ruthlessness and hardness, hospital life will explode that fallacy. It is a great mistake to think that inefficient muddlers are necessarily kindhearted: very often careless, lazy people are exceedingly cruel and callous.

HURRY! *Last Days for a Fortune*

£50 a week for Life or £25,000 cash down for sixpence to help the hospitals. And a splendid surprise for you—if you act now.

Perhaps it is because I am naturally an obedient person, but frankly I *liked* the routine—that queer, self-contained life of the hospital ward, as divorced from the outside world as the life of a nunnery. No wonder that many a poor working mother has said that the first real rest she ever had in her life was when she was ill in hospital.

When does a mother who is poor ever really rest? The rare day's "outing" only means early rising to cut sandwiches and the anxiety of watching excited youngsters during the trip. And when she is at home father's work, children's school, baby's bath, meals, mending, washing, cleaning, disturbed nights are all mother's concern.

But in hospital she lies in the ward, and the meals, the clean linen, and the dusting have nothing to do with her. She is waited on for the first time in her life, not as a kindness or favour, but as a right, and as a matter of course.

Only those who are too ill to do for themselves the many little things a healthy person does without thinking, know the relief of being tended by someone *whose job it is*.

Illness in the home means that nursing is one more job for an already overburdened relative; it is an abnormality: it upsets the whole economy of the home. Illness in hospital is normal with everything organised for the care and treatment of sick people.

As to the food, the only thing that annoyed me was that I was too ill to eat any.

If there is discipline, a scrupulous insistence on absolute cleanliness, and obedience to rules—well, what scientific treatment of disease could there be without it?

After all, illness is the result of breaking laws, the laws of right living. We are ill because we are lawless and undisciplined, for Nature is the sternest disciplinarian in the world. She never overlooks, she never forgives, she exacts the last farthing of reparation.

IF there could be any comparison between the rigid training of hospital life and army life, one might ask if it is not more reasonable to submit to discipline for the saving of life than the destruction of life. If we are willing to go into training, and obey orders, in order to fight someone whom we are told is our enemy, surely we can submit to rules in order to fight those very real and undisputed enemies, disease and dirt.

One could only wish that it were possible for every girl *and boy* to receive a term of hospital training as part of their ordinary education.

If only in every home there was strict cleanliness, a knowledge of the use of sterilisation, and at least the elementary laws of hygiene, a great deal of the valuable time of the hospitals would be saved. Precious beds are taken up by people who need never have been ill if they had more knowledge of the laws of health and had been trained in strict habits of cleanliness in diet and person.

I found it all thrilling and a little romantic—the docility of the grown women, used to managing others and giving orders, now being managed and submitting to authority.

I liked having someone there all night, without feeling that I was robbing a tired worker of needed rest. I liked being tidied, and sometimes gently bullied, because I was the world's worst patient, and never kept my bed straight.

And I loved, and marvelled at, the nurses. So deft, so charming, so indefatigable, so skilled. One hopes that if ever nurses get ill they have other nurses to coddle and pet them, and give them their "first real rest."

The Human Machine

A Golden Investment

EMPLOYERS are very apt to make a fetish of "experience" when an applicant comes along for a job. They don't ask, "What can you do?" They say, "What have you done?" They think that thereby they are finally proving ability; but they are not necessarily doing anything of the kind.

"Experience," regarded as a set of chains hung round a man's limbs, may turn a human being into an automaton. Regarded as the sole measure of a man's ability, it may fix him firmly into a groove.

What a man has done in the past is only useful if it has taught him how to do something better in the future. It may not be the same thing. It may be something quite different. It may not even be material. If a man, previously aimless and haphazard, has learnt to be controlled and purposeful, then "experience" has indeed been a golden investment.

It is not experience that counts, but what a man does with experience. You can use experience—or you can throw it away. You can build on it—or you can heedlessly toss it aside. Destiny does not rule you. You rule your own destiny. You can build what future you like out of your past.

Above all, "experience" was not made to be set up on a pedestal and worshipped. What a man has done is certainly a guide to what he can do; but it is not proof. For the final test will always be the man's own capacity to adapt himself to what has still to be done.

"Experience teaches"—but see to it that it remains a teacher, and never allow it to become a master.

FLOODS—

RIVERS BURST BANKS AN
STREETS BECOME CANALS
TRAIL OF RUIN FOLLOWS MELTING SNOWS:
BRIDGES WASHED AWAY
Two Men Found
WIDESPREAD MENACE OF FLOODS
BIG FLOODS IN WAKE OF BLIZZARD

—is your home protected?

HOMES under water, precious possessions ruined . . . havoc-creating floods raging through Britain, have taken costly toll.

The full terror of the deluge has been felt in many homes, leaving in its wake agonies of gloom, despair and grief.

Yet there is a silver lining for those who are registered readers of JOHN BULL. JOHN BULL, the only paper to provide benefits for damage by floods and storms, is working night and day to bring back smiles to the lips of the sufferers. As fast as reports are received from the stricken areas cheques are being despatched, proving once more, as hundreds of thousands of our readers have written to say, that JOHN BULL is prompt, generous and sympathetic in its help.

Perhaps your home may never be flooded out—we sincerely hope it won't.

But what of Fire? What of Sickness and Accident? Fate strikes suddenly and without warning.

Should calamity come your way, will JOHN BULL's all-protecting arm stretch out in your direction?

JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to cover the home against Storm, and Flood, just as it is the ONLY paper to provide Fire, Sickness and Accident benefits.

You owe it to yourself and to your family to sign the all-important registration forms to-day. Take up your pen and fill them in now. It will be a job well done—an act of far-reaching importance, one you will never regret.

Against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident and Burglary "John Bull" covers you Free.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) ....
Address ....
....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature..
Address ....
....
.... Date..........................

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 11/3/33

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department,
122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

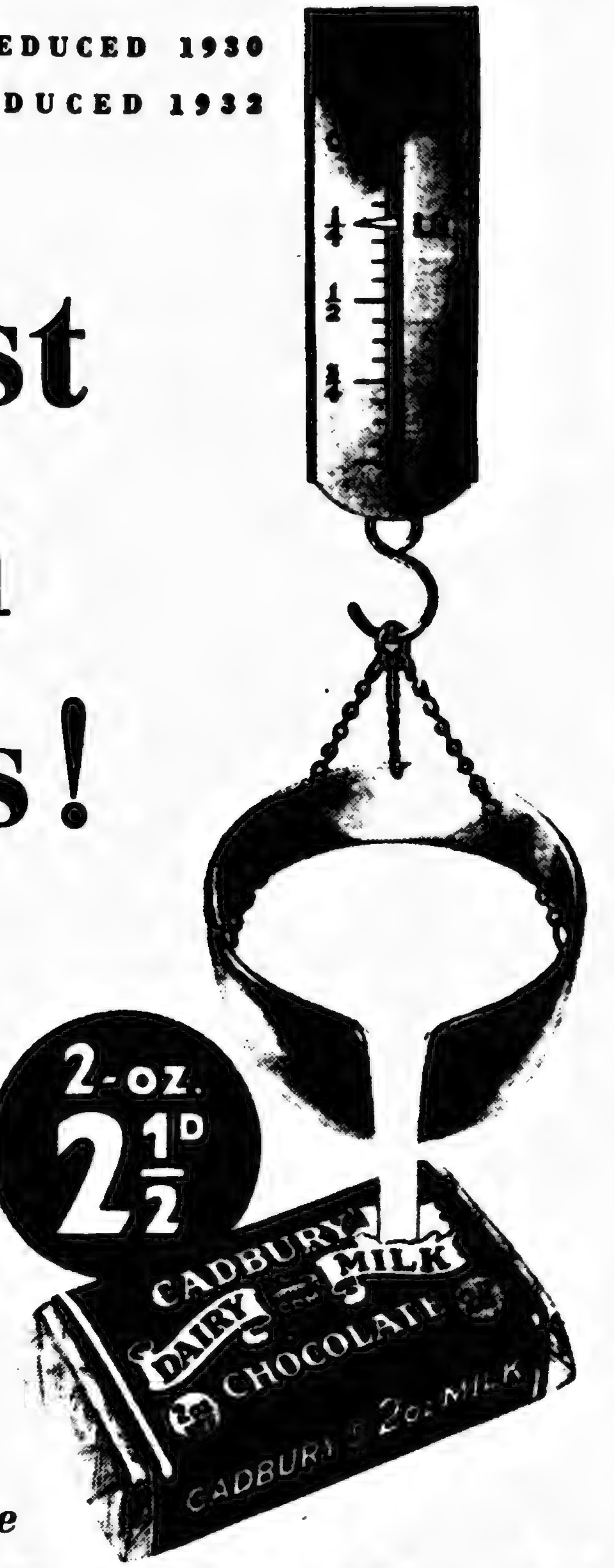
I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

....
Reader's Signature.
Age..........................
Address ....
....
....
Name and Address of Newsagent. ....
....
.... Date..........................

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**
J.B. 11/3/33

CADBURYS BLOCKS—PRICE REDUCED 1930
PRICE REDUCED 1931—PRICE REDUCED 1932
AGAIN REDUCED 1932

The finest value in the shops!



A 2-oz. block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate for only 2½d.! —that is what this latest Cadbury packing gives you. A ½ lb. of full cream liquid milk, fresh from the farm —that is what Cadburys use in every 2-oz. milk block. The price of Cadburys Milk Chocolate has come down— down—down. That is Cadburys way of passing on to you promptly the benefit derived from great increases in sales and from decreases in raw material costs. Every day now the public realise more and more that Cadburys Milk Chocolate is the finest value in the shops.

TESTED JB

Blocks are better value

CADBURYS

Cadburys Milk 2-oz. block 2½d. • Bournville Plain 2-oz block 2d. • Cadburys Milk also in 2d. bars

2-oz. BLOCKS

FREE CASH PRIZES.

Prizes (£50 first, hundreds of other cash and consolation prizes) are offered by the proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE for the best last line to the Limerick appearing in the advt. on p. 27. Send in your Entry for this Simple Competition NOW!

WORN by the Man who knows!

Reasons why **You** should wear Bolenium Overalls are given on p. 12. Turn to this announcement NOW!

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER!

Cash the Coupons

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14 **carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. ***State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.*** Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

Have you sent for Ryders' NEW SEED BOOK YET

The Gardener's A.B.C.—126 pp. of information; includes Special Reduced Price Collections, Simple Competition, and 28 magnificent direct colour photographs of flowers, etc. Ryders' Seeds are the finest ever sold at 2d. a packet.

Send for your copy of Ryders' 1933 Seed Book, free and post free, to Ryder & Son (1920) Ltd., Dept. 30, St. Albans.

Send for it to-day FREE POST FREE

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If you are a victim of painful pile trouble you are asked to test Man Zan free of cost. This is no ordinary ointment, but a special preparation solely for those with pile trouble. When you have used your free test supply, ask your chemist for a 3/- tube of Man Zan, with special nozzle applicator, or send direct to the manufacturers (see below), who will supply your requirements, post free, in plain wrapper.

For free supply, send postcard with name and address to E. C. De Witt & Co. Ltd. (Dept. R25), Croydon, Surrey.

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BRAND PILE REMEDY

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LINCOLN
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Send for Long Odds Price List.
EVERY HORSE QUOTED.

LETTER COMMISSIONS FROM 1/- up to any amount accepted in accordance with rules.

Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of the race—any race—will be on at Full Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

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WHAT WE THINK OF

Young Men of 1933

by Letter Parliament Contributors

GRANDER than his grandfather, greater than his great-grandfather—that's my view of the modern youth. He is healthier, thanks to sport and medical advancement. He is better educated, thanks to opportunities his forbears were denied.

In love matters he is more cautious and far more practical; in industrial and commercial affairs he is more inventive, more rapidly creative, and more adaptable.

In political and social life he is more reactionary and less conventional. He is facing an unprecedented world-wide upheaval with courage and optimism, and merits a chance to solve national problems.—*"Old Fogcy," Angus.*

Finished Product

The young man of to-day is incurably lazy, void of ambition, in whom the spirit of adventure is dead; without individuality, originality, ideas or capacity to think for himself.

He is unmoral, with a leaning towards pervertism and effeminacy; without any sense of shame or the most elementary decencies of life; ignorant, illiterate and cowardly.

His sole instinct is the feverish pursuit of machine-made pleasures that can be indulged in without effort from himself—the finished product of an expensive and mamby-pamby educational system incapable of educating.—*W. J. Mackay, London.*

Live Wire

Although he is good enough for anything, anything is not good enough for him.

Refusing to follow in father's footsteps, he desires to make some of his own, leading to something better. He may be some guy, but he refuses to be guyed with old-fashioned methods.

He is a live wire, hence he shocks some folk. He is not content to take life as it comes, but tries to make it go with a swing.

He may be hatless, but is certainly not brainless.—*Mrs. A. Warburton, Manchester.*

Lap-Dogs

How many of them could ever face the trials, hardships and ordeals of their forefathers? They are a soft, pleasure-loving lot of "saps," thinking that dress, vanity and bragging are all they need to carry them through.

Where is the bulldog breed of the old English pioneers who made this nation the envy of the world?

Compared with their worthy ancestors they can be classed as Pekinese, who require beds of cotton-wool instead of mother earth.—*R. G. P., Halstead.*

Men Like These!

Not like the young man of yesterday? No, thank goodness.

Lacking in courage? No—look at his love for dangerous sports—rugger; wrestling with a skidding, roaring machine on the dirt track; flying alone on hazardous routes, to prove to the world the worth of his country's products.

Again, watch him risking life and limb to rescue a dog from the cliffside.

Incapable of responsibility? No; but often lacking the chance of responsible positions, because older men cannot afford to retire at the proper time.

Waiting his chance—give it him, and he'll not let you down.—*"Tryhim," Devon.*

Hopeless

Our young men are like a ship without a rudder. They prefer to stay at home and sponge on their parents to chancing their hand overseas.

They go about the streets in gangs, jostling, shouting and mouthing inanities. They acknowledge no Church, respect no authority or subscribe to any code of morality.

They have no reverence for their parents, or sympathy with the old and feeble; no sacred links with the past or aspiration for the future. They are hopeless.—*H. Wallis, Wilts.*

Wrong Standard

There is nothing wrong with the young man of to-day; the trouble lies with the elders who judge him by their own Victorian standard, not realising that youth has advanced with the times.

Why not compare a "taxi" with a horse-cab!

The modern young man is in most cases better educated than his father; he has all the advantages of his elders' experience and has profited by their mistakes.

In learning and sport he still excels; he is just a young man as his father was before him.—*W. E. Lewis, Hull.*

Raw Recruit

Just an effeminate, cigarette-sucking, flapper-chasing hobbledehoy, who does not care a hang if the Empire goes to the dogs so long as he has a good time while it is happening—that is my opinion of the present-day young man.

He is rude to his elders of either sex, and has not the slightest respect for women or the conventions.

Heaven knows we do not want another war, but a year in the Army might wake him up to the real facts of life, and make a man even out of this poor material.—*Capt. Berney, Croydon.*

Inherited

There was rever a generation that has fallen heir to a more unfortunate inheritance than the present one.

The natural ambitions of youth are thwarted at every turn by trade depression, political strife, and prospects of war. The future lies engulfed in a dark and troublesome cloud. Yet, despite this, the young man of to-day simply "grins and bears it."

He carries the heavy cross placed upon his shoulders by his elders' incompetence with a patient endurance which must be commended.—*A. G., Glasgow.*

Sole Interests

An anæmic, pleasure-loving, permanent-waved molly-coddle, he lacks discipline, ideas, and morals. Chivalry and the spirit of adventure are as dead as the dodo.

As long as he has a shilling in his pocket for cigaretts, etc., he is satisfied. Showing-off, sensation-seeking, sex and sponging are the only things that interest him.

A stiff dose of hard work to broaden his shoulders and his outlook is the only cure for this unmanliness.—*J. Clements, Glam.*

* * *

Before we condemn him as not being able to ride, let's give him a horse.—*R. W., Notts.*

If our young man of to-day can get cigarettes, a motor-bike, and a young woman on the pillion, he is happy.—*W. D., Exeter.*

The young man is capable, quick-thinking, and confident, and is preparing himself for his position to-morrow. We are England's future bankers, lawyers and politicians. We shall not fail.—*J. L., Sherwood Rise.*

"Live to-day, for to-morrow you die" is his creed—and he doesn't even stop to think what will happen to him when to-morrow does come.—*T. W., Newark.*

EXPERT SOCCER FORECASTS

Selections for March 11

FIRST DIVISION.
(1) Leicester v. ARSENAL.
(2) Newcastle v. Wednesday.
(3) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Leeds.
(4) Aston Villa v. W. B. Albion.
(5) CHELSEA v. Blackpool.
(6) BOLTON v. Sunderland.
(7) HUDDERSFIELD v. Derby.
(8) LIVERPOOL v. Manchester C.
(9) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Birmingham.
(10) PORTSMOUTH v. Everton.
*(11) SHEFFIELD U. v. Blackburn.

SECOND DIVISION.
(1) BRADFORD v. Fulham.
(2) CHARLTON v. Swansea.
(3) TOTTENHAM v. Millwall.
(4) BURNLEY v. West Ham.
(5) Grimsby v. Southampton.
(6) MANCHESTER U. v. Port Vale.
(7) FOREST v. Bradford C.
(8) Oldham v. BURY.
(9) PLYMOUTH v. Chesterfield.
(10) PRESTON v. Lincoln.
*(11) STOKE v. Notts County.

SOUTHERN SECTION.
(1) C. Palace v. BRENTFORD.
**(2) READING v. Newport.
(3) Watford v. Exeter.
(4) ALDERSHOT v. Northampton.
(5) BRIGHTON v. Swindon.
*(6) BRISTOL R. v. Orient.
(7) Cardiff v. Luton.
(8) GILLINGHAM v. Torquay.
**(9) NORWICH v. Boscombe.
(10) Q. P. RANGERS v. Bristol C.
(11) SOUTHEND v. Coventry.

NORTHERN SECTION.
*(1) CHESTER v. Halifax.
(2) Rochdale v. Stockport.
**(3) SOUTHPORT v. Darlington.
(4) ACCRINGTON v. Barnsley.
(5) BARROW v. Tranmere.
(6) Carlisle v. WREXHAM.
(7) CREWE v. Gateshead.
*(8) MANSFIELD v. Doncaster.
(9) N. BRIGHTON v. Hartlepools.
(10) Rotherham v. HULL.
(11) YORK v. Walsall.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
(1) RANGERS v. Hearts.
**(2) ABERDEEN v. Morton.
**(3) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Kilmarnock.
*(4) THIRD LANARK v. Airdrie.
**(5) ST. MIRREN v. E. Stirling.
(6) Ayr v. PARTICK.
(7) Clyde v. Hamilton.
(8) DUNDEE v. Cowdenbeath.
(9) FALKIRK v. Queen's Park.
(10) MOTHERWELL v. Celtic.

SPECIAL STAR CODE.

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away.

Example Code.—Div. I.—11 (*H*); Div. II.—7 (*H*); Southern Section—9 (*H*); Northern Section—10 (*A*); Scottish League—5 (*H*) would indicate Sheffield United, Nottingham Forest, Norwich, Hull and St. Mirren.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, March 14.

The Recent "John Bull" Article I Liked Best—and Why

NO SOAP

SHAVEX

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

NO BRUSH

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX." "SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a skin food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush.

The skin, after being shaved with soap and brush, often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX." Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. "SHAVEX" will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a Skin Food.

All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time you would take with soap and brush. Travellers who when on a journey find themselves short of water can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic and Skin Preserver, preventing formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time.

WONDERFUL OFFER

We want you to try SHAVEX under ideal Conditions, and offer you for 6d. post free a SHAVEX OUTFIT, consisting of TEN DAYS' supply of SHAVEX, OUR NEW PATENT RAZOR, ONE SHAVEX Blade, the finest on the market. DON'T MISS THIS OFFER.

Write to-day to the

Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Rd., Upper Holloway, London, N.19

SHAVEX ®

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6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes & 1/6 Pots

WONDERFUL REDUCTION

SHAVEX SUPER BLADES

of all Chemists and Stores

ONE BLADE 3d. instead of 4d.

Packet of 5 Blades 1/3.

NAPOLEON.

Napoleon in the depth of Winter crossed the Alps with Big Guns and a large army, a feat that could hardly be credited—snow and ice were covering the mountains.

In 1812 he crossed to Moscow and attacked Russia, only to see Moscow in flames—and alas! one more dream of Napoleon's faded away. Even in the bitterest cold and the terrible ordeals of campaigning Napoleon still kept fit—he never grew a beard—always clean shaved and what with? Oil and the perfume of Lavender. The greatest men keep the smartest appearance. Napoleon died on May 15th, 1821.

SKIN DISEASES

Cured in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

ECZEMA.

"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.

"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.

Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.

This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

Many may promise a wonderful cure, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K. 15), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.** Of all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3 or a large tin 3/-.

BURNS.

Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.

Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES & BLACKHEADS.

"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night —they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.

Splendid for Stiff Joints rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ALMOND OIL

ZEE-KOL

TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Women's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. **Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.**

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb. and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes. ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from

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Upper Holloway, N.19.

LUCRETIA BORGIA.

"Glorious Lucretia, I could sing of your charms and beauty all day—your skin is like a rose, with its heart of pink, and petals of palest hue."

"Don't flatter, musician—play your music, which is sweeter than all your flattery. All the complexion I have is made beautiful not by my subtle poisons but by the finding of the Almond Blossom, which produces Almond Oil, giving me my cherished complexion. This alone is the secret, for Almond Oil gives youth, life and beauty to the skin. So in my laboratory my beauty is made."

ENORMOUS 2·IN·1 PRIZE *for this X·word*

ANOTHER FINE CASH & PENSION OFFER

£100 A YEAR FOR LIFE *and* £500 CASH

or LUMP SUM OF £1,250

BY NOON THURS. MAR. 16.

BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP £100

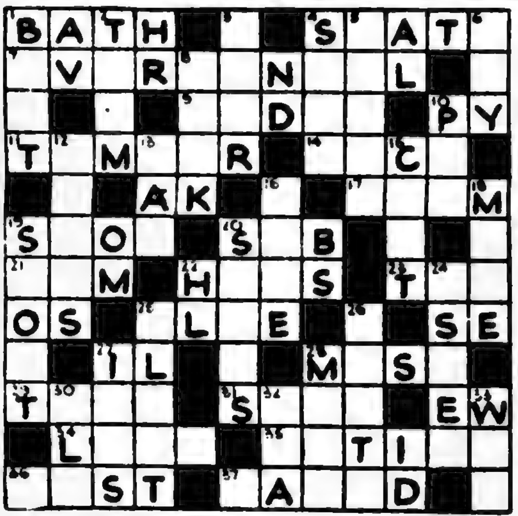
£100 EXTRA BONUS BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO 6D ENTRIES IN SAME ENVELOPE.

Dig into the amusing Clues below this evening and in half an hour you may have struck a hidden treasure—our fine 2-in-1 prize of £100 a year for life and a lump sum of £500.

Already four entrants have captured a fine cheque and Life Pension for solving our puzzle and you can be the fifth.

If you just miss the First, you may still win a substantial prize, for there is a further £200 cash to be shared by Runners-up as announced. Start work at once—and be sure that you post your entry in time to reach us by noon, Thursday, March 16.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 204—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1933.



JB·204

JB·204

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and

enclose P.O. value ..... No.............
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

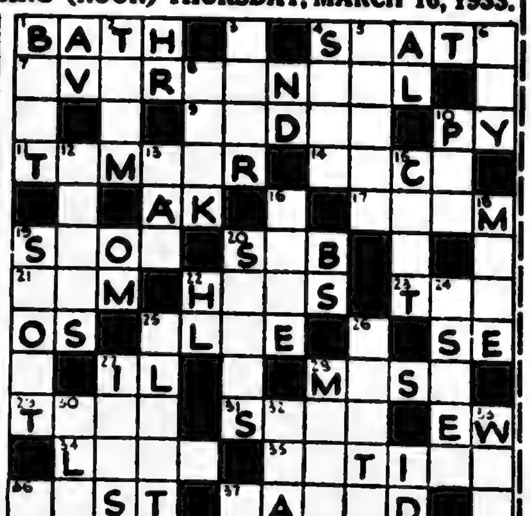
SIGNED ....

ADDRESS..

....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 204—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1933.

JB·204



JB·204

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and

enclose P.O. value.........No.........
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS..

....

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £100 a year and £500 cash (or a lump sum of £1,250 cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 23, 1933, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 30, 1933.

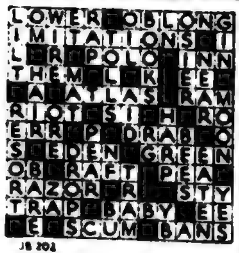
CLUES ACROSS

1. Spartan loves cold one
4. Sometimes worn over shoes
7. Is placed over a fireplace
9. Duck from which we get down
11. Meddle
14. Cats catch them
17. Light kind of earth
19. Exhibit
20. Convulsive sigh
21. Sewn border
22. Do brewers still use them ?
23. Old-fashioned exclamation
25. Hint to a crossword solution
28. What cooks do to potatoes
29. Weed that worries farmers
31. Perceives
34. It runs smoothly when you press buttons
35. What beaten armies do
36. Keeps you snug, despite the weather
37. Erring schoolboy is, by headmaster

CLUES DOWN

1. Rowing may start this off
2. Is sometimes short through illness
3. Passing years turn dark.
4. Main shoot of a plant
5. Danger.
6. Describes someone who hates being watched
8. Mild of temper
10. A kind of soup
12. Charlady gathers them daily
13. Animal's foot
15. Spot on it is easily seen
16. Keeps you afloat in deep water
18. Widow didn't forget hers
19. Temper sometimes makes one
20. You'll encounter all kinds in hotels
24. Shows you to your seat
25. An opening made by cleaving
26. Keeps bills up
27. Part of the eye—and girl's name
28. Gathering of fox-hunters
30. Kind of beer
32. Used for "years" by crossword compilers
33. To become cold when you're thi is foolish

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED



JB 202

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 202

Winners in 201 on page 44. Result of 202 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 202 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

If entering two Double Entry Forms cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

ENTRY FEE.

With 2 squares send Postal Order for 6d. With 4 squares send P.O. for one shilling. See Rule 1.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

ADDRESS ENTRY

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD
No. 204, 57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order Payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, March 16, 1933.

2.—No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms—(four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct, or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 30, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, April 11, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £1,250 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

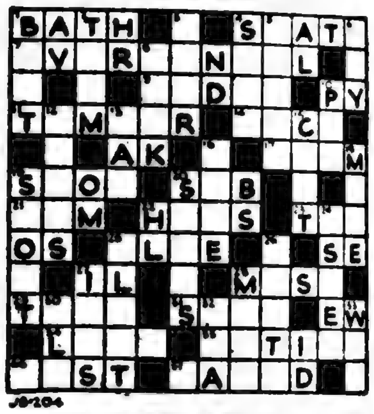
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



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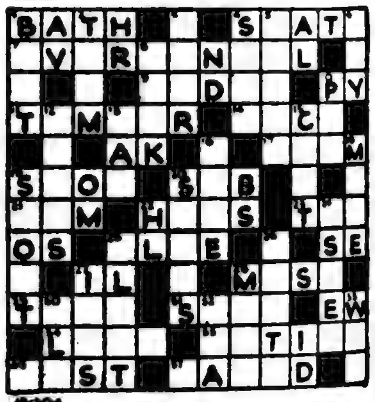

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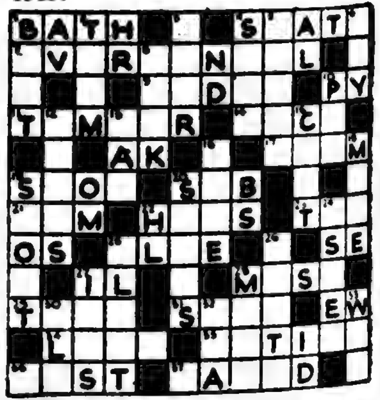

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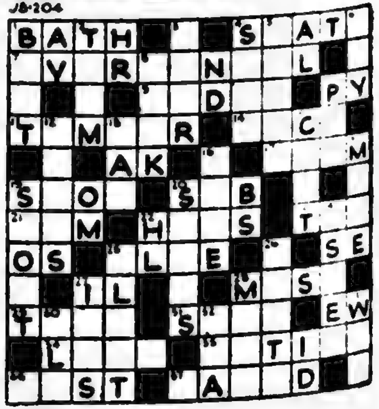
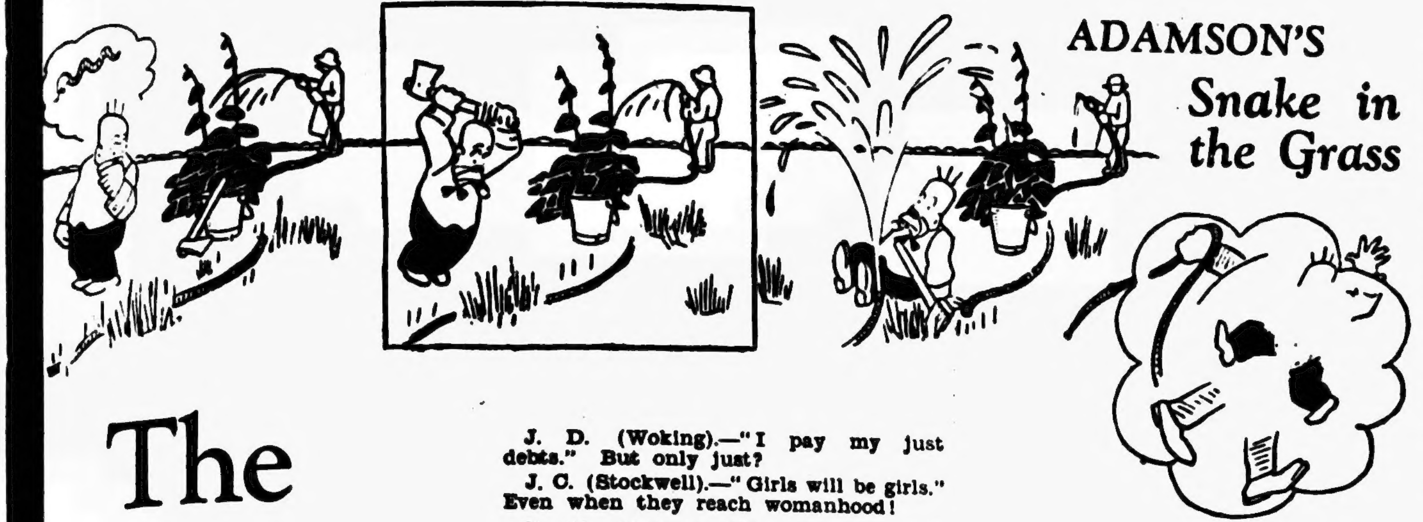


JB·204

ADAMSON'S
Snake in
the Grass



The Editor LAUGHS LAST

A. M. (*Dundee*).—"*Children take to good-hearted uncles.*" *And from.*

R. M. (Oxhey).—"Golf requires a deli- ate touch." The proof is in the putting.

L. C. (Winton).—"Where do most of ur M.P.s live?" Usually, it seems, in a uandary or a dilemma.

H. L. (Bacup).—"When does a man hink seriously of matrimony?" When e's been married for some time.

Eva (Waterloo).—"My daughter is a edium." Still, she doesn't give a rap or you.

L. P. M. (Westerham).—"There is othing like beer in a village inn." There s nothing like beer in many inns.

H. J. (Lydbrook).—"A mind-reader is great friend of mine." He must find reat relaxation in your company.

W. T. (Portobello).—"An essayist tells s that there are stories in everything." his includes the w.p.b.

D. B. (Lincoln).—"You have probably eard a lot about me." Yes, but don't orry. We don't believe half of it.

Mrs. H. (Burnley).—"Spring hats and oats are to be much more expensive han they were in 1932." Then you will ave to cry harder this year.

B. A. W. (Rochdale).—"Although I am self-made man, I never draw attention o the fact." Perhaps you are not par- cularly pleased with your handiwork.

D. F. (Peebles).—"A man recently anted to commit a murder after hearing tragic song." We understand, however, at the singer escaped.

B. O. (Sidmouth).—"What would you ll a man who slunk off to his club and t his wife to beat the carpets and fetch e coal?" A magician.

J. D. (Woking).—"I pay my just debts." But only just?

J. C. (Stockwell).—"Girls will be girls." Even when they reach womanhood!

P. M. (London, N.).—"I never like taking my umbrella to a restaurant." Afraid it might be recognised?

F. R. (Bury).—"I understand that many Hollywood wives are wonders." But nine days' wonders at the most.

H. T. (Clacton).—'I wonder why my child is so trying to his teacher?" Possibly because he never tries.

E. M. (Edinburgh).—"A bachelor does what he likes, but what can a married man do?" Not a single thing.

O. M. (London, E.C.).—"I probably know more convicts than any other man." How long did you serve?

D. S. (Enfield).—"I wouldn't walk ten yards to see the Boat Race." You wouldn't see it if you did.

H. M. (Tottenham).—"Some women don't know what to do with their hands." We've played bridge with them.

Mrs. P. (Bury).—"My husband thinks more of his wireless set than he does of me." Perhaps he gets less interference from it.

G. N. (Leeds).—"I am going on a flying visit to Chicago. What should I take?" Care!

G. M. (Bude).—"What would you like me to write about next week?" Three or four lines.

W. P. (Rowhedge).—"I told him I wanted none of his nonsense. Overstocked?

George (Smethwick).—"Is it easy to write a spring poem?" Easier than to sell it.

D. B. (Marylebone).—"I never borrow trouble." Perhaps it is the one thing you prefer to give.

L. L. (Gosport).—"I am at the end of my rope." Now, perhaps, you will smoke decent cigars in future.

B. M. (Chester).—"Do hats really cause men to go bald?" Yes, if wives want new ones every week.

D. H. (Southport).—"By great patience I have learned to play the piano." Yes, but by whose patience?

H. S. (Reading).—"The first chapter I read to my wife made her speechless in wonder." So you read her the whole book?

Mrs. F. (Kenton).—"Give me a sensible daily woman. You can keep all your cooks and housemaids." Oh, no, we can't.

R. C. (Coventry).—"The bagpipes are not peculiar to Scotland at all." Well, what does it matter? They're peculiar, anyway.

Anti-Tax (Edgbaston).—"The Exchequer gets most of your money while you are alive." And the rest of it when you are dead.

G. L. (Dalkeith).—"What is the youth of to-day driving at?" Seventy, in answer to a friend. Seventeen, if a policeman asks them.

D. R. (London, E.C.).—"I know one or two map-makers who are excellent musicians." Any map-maker would, of course, take naturally to a concertina.

Plumber (Ealing).—"There is absolutely no danger of a modern bathroom geyser exploding." It's generally the exasperated owner who does that.

R. G. M. (Norwood).—"A West End manicurist offers to tend two pairs of hands at the price of one." This is an excellent opportunity for those people who have two pairs of hands.

N. M. (Burton).—"In parts of France certain taxes are being paid with tomatoes." No doubt householders are tempted to keep back a few ripe ones for delivery when the collector is halfway down the garden path.

A. M. (Ely).—"My teeth are O.K." Beware of D.K.

W. F. (Droitwich).—"I have put a good deal of thought into this letter." Whose?

P. F. (Ealing).—"The average Londoner is not easily crushed." That's just as well, if he travels a lot by Tube.

L. O. (Malvern).—"I am received with warmth wherever I go." Are you a fireman?

Patriot (Hull).—"The cream of society still goes abroad for its holidays." A kind of vanishing cream?

W. L. (Ipswich).—"I am of opinion that stupidity is hereditary." How can you be so unkind to your parents?

Mrs. J. (Reading).—"Most women can read their husbands like a book." And shut them up like one, too.

Archie (Kew).—"I am leading a hand-to-mouth existence." Growing your first moustache?

K. T. (Hammersmith).—"What is the hardest thing to deal with?" A sticky pack of cards.

F I. (Brecon).—"My knowledge of most things is phenomenal." So is your success in concealing it.

E. H. (Cardiff).—"The average punter is a good loser." So are the horses he backs.

G. N. (Highgate).—"Even the members of the ship's orchestra were sick." Music hath qualms.

R. G. (Frome).—"A scientist who has been studying common houseflies for months says they get up to the most ridiculous tricks." So do scientists.

R. P. L. (Ayr).—"Do you never do anything besides smile at people's attempts at writing?" Oh, yes! Sometimes we laugh outright.

G. T. E. (Edinburgh).—"A friend of mine once held thirteen spades in one hand." Evidently he's not a jobbing gardener.

M. D. (Cardiff).—"A cough may not always be the sign of a cold." It may mean merely that a diffident person wishes to purchase a stamp.

H. P. (Didcot).—"When I talk people listen with their mouths wide open all the time." We can guess your profession. You are a dentist.

Official (Whitehall). — "The jokes about income-tax collectors have gone quite far enough." So have the income-tax collectors.

T. L. (Luton).—"It's the little things that make marriage intolerable." Especially if they all start crying at midnight.

A. F. M. (Derby).—"I wonder how it feels to be really rich." Well, why not come to London this Easter as our Millionaire Guest, with £1,000 in your pocket? One of the coupons on page 43 may be your magic carpet.

Scientist (Glasgow).—"Time flows both ways." Just like a tube of seccotine when one is trying hard to keep one's hands clean.

G. B. (Mortlake.)—"I have heard that a fuelless motor-car has been invented." The only thing to make that invention perfect will be a driverless back seat.

F. R. F. (Ipswich).—"I read of a young girl who has run away from her boarding-school seven times in a month." She'll probably be a domestic servant when she grows up.

Listener (Wigan).—"Sometimes the Continental programmes fade away until I can't hear them at all." That's one advantage they have over the British stations.

(Several replies unavoidably held over)

If you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. John Bull does the rest. Write to-day! The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

What's the Weather done to my Face!

Look at yourself in the mirror when you've been out in the wind and rain. There's no need nowadays for your nose to be shiny and your complexion ruined. The mousse of cream scientifically blended in Poudre Tokalon makes it stay on all day in spite of the worst windy and rainy weather or perspiration while dancing. Gives amazing new beauty to the worst shiny nose and horrid complexion. Beauty in every box and only 1/-.

FREE. By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may now obtain a De-luxe Beauty Outfit containing popular shades of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder so that she may test them on her own face. The outfit also contains Crême Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 222T), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

I Whispered The Reason...

'Unpleasant Odour is Caused by Underarm Hair'

Yvonne always wondered why she was unpopular and it was such a personal matter it was difficult to tell her. Finally, I plucked up courage—"Hair under the arms is not only ugly and repulsive-looking but greatly aggravates the old problem of body odour." Then I told her my own experience. "I, myself, had a heavy growth of disgusting hair. I tried depilatory pastes, evil smelling powders, and painful electric treatments—even a razor. Shaving simply made the hair grow thicker. At last I found NEW VEET which contains Wenlo-White. This dissolves the keratin in the hair and hair roots thereby ending all superfluous hair troubles forever. Now my skin is so clean and white that no one could possibly suspect I was ever afflicted with that horrible superfluous hair."

New White Veet (containing Wenlo White) is guaranteed 100% pure and delightfully perfumed. At all chemists and Hairdressers 6d. and 1/6d.

Great Campaign Against

ASTHMA

Bronchitis and other Lung Troubles

The amount of suffering, enormous number of deaths annually and time lost from work owing to these troubles is appalling and amounts to a national danger, so great, that an Asthma Research Council has been appointed and is investigating the whole subject. Many sufferers get depressed, lose heart, despair, fail to adopt the very treatment that would give them immediate relief, their power of resistance is weakened and their trouble becomes chronic. There's no need to despair. Potter's Asthma Cure gives immediate relief even in the worst cases. Prove this to-day by accepting the offer of a Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture and Cigarettes.

"Potter's Asthma Cure is the only thing that keeps me alive."

A STRIKING TESTIMONY

Mr. W. K., Loughborough, writes: "I tried Potter's Asthma Cure and it acted like magic. I had the best night for months—in fact I feel a new man. I am nearly 74 and have suffered from Asthma for quite 56 years."

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

TO OUTDOOR WORKERS

If you are subject to Asthma, Bronchitis, Lung or Chest Troubles and your occupation compels you to be out of doors, you are strongly recommended to smoke Potter's Asthma Smoking Mixture or Cigarettes which will give you instant relief.

POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE & BOOKLET

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

I enclose two penny stamps to cover postage for a Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture, and Cigarettes, also a copy of booklet, "ARE YOU ASTHMATIC?"

Name……………………………………

Address……………………………………

……………………………………

"John Bull." PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

engineers

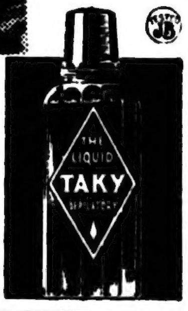
LET'S GO INTO THIS TOGETHER

YOU MAY HAVE THIS 250 PAGE BOOK ABSOLUTELY FREE!

All we ask is the chance to prove to you that you can earn £300, £400, £500 per year and more. Other men are doing it and you can do the same.

The first thing to do is to send for our FREE Handbook "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES." This 250-page book contains details of B.Sc., A.M.I.C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., I.E.E., A.M.I.A.E., M.I.M.T., G.P.O., etc. Exams., outlines Home-Study Courses in all branches of Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Aero, Wireless and "Talking-Picture" Engineering, and explains the advantages of our unique Employment Dept. We urge you not to neglect our offer. Send for your copy of our Handbook to-day, Free of *any* charge.

BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY, 56, Shakespeare House, 29/31, Oxford Street, London.

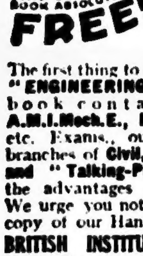


UGLY HAIR Banished

The Modern Way

Try the Taky Way to clean, hair free limbs. It will be the quickest part of your toilet. Sold in Cream and Liquid form, both under our money back guarantee.

FREE Full size 6d. tube of Cream Taky and full particulars of the New Liquid Taky. Send 3d. in stamps to defray postage and packing. CHAS. ROGER LABS. (Box F), 15, Great James Street, W.C.1.



ANAEMIC LANGUID DEPRESSED

Mrs. REEVE, 9, High Terrace, Ackworth, Moor Top, Yorks., writes: "I have derived great benefit by taking your wonderful tonic Vitadatio. Years ago I became very anaemic—languid, miserable and depressed, had awful headaches. By taking Vitadatio my ailments disappeared."

Send for Free Book of Testimonials

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints, Eczema, Boils, and in many Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle or per post, 6d. extra in United Kingdom, from VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS. V 163

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.

Graves 'FLIGHT' Model is built with Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Waterproof Saddle, Hans Renold Chain, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, all bright parts Chromium Plated, & full set of Accessories. Bargain Price Complete is £3:17:6. No charge for instalment terms. Delivered Carriage Paid for 8/2 with order & 14 monthly payments of 5/2. Lady's or Gent's same price. CATALOGUE of this & other models Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Three Years' Pay for Thirty Minutes' Work

THERE are four hundred reasons for the smiles on those faces which head this page—and each of them is safely tucked away in the bank account of Mr. A J. Peterson, "Oakdene," Banstead Road, Belmont, Surrey.

Eighteen months ago this young married man decided he must do something to improve his position.

His job as a male nurse held good enough prospects for the future—but his pay of £2 12s. a week provided little more than sheer necessities for his wife and little son.

It happened just then that a footballer friend in the team for which he is goalkeeper introduced him to *Bullets*.

Night after night he worked away. Encouraged by "Target" awards, which told him he was making progress, he entered again and again, learning from failures and successes alike.

Then, through a snowstorm one Friday came a telegraph boy bearing a packet of sunshine from Long Acre.

It brought the news that he had shot a £400 goal Thanks to half an hour or so with the *Examples* for Competition No. 881, Mr. Peterson had won First Prize with his homely and telling *Bullet*, FIGHTING SPIRIT — FORTUNATELY "M DOVE'S" *Got*.

A wife who takes no interest in *Bullets* can be a real handicap to an entrant who is struggling to lift his family to better things. But Mrs Peterson is one of the wiser kind.

"She has helped me all along," Mr. Peterson told our representative. "We often do *Bullets* together in the evenings—and I remember that she actually suggested the very first effort I entered."

To-day Mrs. Peterson has the double satisfaction of sharing the blessings brought by a £400 cheque and of knowing that her own way of tackling difficulties inspired her husband's *Bullet*.

That good uses will be found for Mr. Peterson's prize-money is certain, for he has set his heart on a home of his own—and that sturdy youngster of his will not be able to win a *Bullets* First for himself for many years yet!

TO-DAY we await a good *Bullet* for a fortune of £1,000 and a Millionaire's Easter in London for two. It is offered for one week only on the opposite page—and half an hour with the *Examples* may bring you a thrilling First Prize telegram on March 31.

OVER £700 CASH AND 30 RADIO SETS AWARDED

FIRST PRIZE, £500, COMPETITION No. 882

Mr. W. PHILLIPSON, 45, Vicarage Street, Yeovil.
Example:—HER BIRTHDAY
Bullet:—"TERROR" *Spinster* "KEEPS QUIET."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. B. W RYALL, 42, Dewhurst Road, West Kensington, W.
Example:—To Keep Things Going
Bullet:—We're Implored—Not Employed.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. W. T. INGLIS, Gifford House, Roehampton, S.W.
Example:—Every Year
Bullet:—"Worst Ever"—"Worst Over."

10 PRIZES OF RADIO SET AND £5:

F. BAINBRIDGE, 8, Allen Street, Hartshill, Stoke-on-Trent.
Upset Her—Take My "Tip"—Don't!

Mrs. W. BRADFORD, 19, Suggitt Street, West Hart'epool.
Dear Little Shamrock—Flourishing On English "Turf."

R. BRENNING, 99, Woodbridge Road, Guildford.
Her Birthday—"Milestone" Hidden Under Roses.

Mrs. E. BUNN, 36, Redington Road, Liverpool.
Upset Her—"Words"—Then "No Word."

J. CREECH, 15, Annfield Row, Dundee.
Good As A Feast—"Satisfaction" Of Sacking Cook.

E. HOLDSWORTH, 44, Speeton Avenue, Bradford.
Serves Him Right—Slacked—*Boss* "Did Duty."

Mrs. J. KNOWLES, 5, Heatherdene, Dehavilland Road, Wisbech.
Sleeping Beauty—Servant—Reference, Fairytale.

A. PATERSON, 58, Hamilton Street, Wishaw.
Good As A Feast—Sonny—And Good At.

W. C. SEBBAGE, 171, Stoughton Road, Guildford.
Job For A Briton—Or Two, Civ Millions!

G. TITMAS, Stanmore, Hollifast Road, Birmingham.
All In—A Row, Reveller's Wife.

THE KING OF THE GIANTS IS COMING!

In *Bullets* No. 888 we shall offer the biggest 3-in-1 First Prize ever known—a huge Life Pension of £10 a week, £1,000 cash and a £215 Motor-car—or a Record Cheque for 5,000 Guineas!

10 PRIZES OF RADIO SET AND £2 10

Mrs. G. ALEXANDER, "Tyrian," Pontardulais.
In Wonderland—Suitor Inspecting Papa's Garden.

A. BONE, 43 Highbury Avenue, Thornton Heath.
In Wonderland—Chorus—Wondering About Wages!

C. R. CHILD, 4, Ashcombe Street, Fulham, S.W.
What's Wrong With Radio?—Protected Yawns—Prevents Sleep.

W. DORMER, 35, Dovehouse Fields, Lichfield.
The Air—Make Safer *Below* Ground.

Miss A. HAMER, 125, Bury Road, Rawtenstall.
For Nothing—Sandy's "Full Of I
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

R. HETHERINGTON, Glendhu, Bare Lane, Morecambe.
Poor Player—Won, While Champion Smashed.

Mrs. JOHNSON, 5, Walter Walk, Edgware.
Born Fool—Bought Birthplace—"Sold" Everybody.

H. SHIRES, 43, Park Road, Bingley, Yorks.
Serves Him Right—"Burnt Candle" "Groping" Now.

R. B. WHITCHURCH, 19, Anglesea Road, Ipswich.
Language Of Love—"Lights" K Dims Parlour.

G. YARNALL, Vancouver, Buarth, Aberystwyth.
All In—"Padded Rooms." Broadcaster Already.

10 Winners of Radio Set and £1: C. Baker, Moretonhampstead; H. G. Board, Cardiff; V. A. Buckley, Burton-on-Trent; C. Dale, Loftus, Yorks; W. S. Howe, Christchurch; T. Martin, Wigan; E. J. New, Chard; Mrs. V. Peach, Peterborough; G. Sha Luton; Mrs. A. Weekes, Edenbridge.

A list of 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED

HUGE NEW "BULLETS" FIRST!

£1000
CASH
... and
MILLIONAIRE'S EASTER WEEK-END
IN LONDON FOR TWO
THIS WEEK ONLY!
OTHER PRIZES
2ND PRIZE £100 · £25 3RD PRIZE
10 OF £5 · 10 OF £2·10
25 OF £1 · 500 OF 2/6
2,000 RED SEAL 'TARGETS'
8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES.

JOHN BULL'S GUESTS . . .

Will be met by limousine (with liveried chauffeur) on arrival in London and this car remains at their disposal. Luxurious accommodation will be arranged for them at a famous London hotel; they will be taken to all the sights of London and to any theatre, music-hall, cinema, concert or other entertainment which they desire. The programme for Good Friday, Easter Saturday, Sunday and Monday includes a visit to historic Windsor, tea in an Aeroplane over the Metropolis and a midnight peep at the thundering printing machines in Long Acre.

From arrival to departure they will live like millionaires at JOHN BULL'S expense, so that they will never forget Easter, 1933.

WHO'S TO BE OUR EASTER MILLIONAIRE?

TO-DAY comes an opportunity unique in *Bullets* history—to make Easter, 1933, the most memorable holiday in your life.

For the best effort entered there is a fortune of £1.000, augmented by a Millionaire's Easter in London for two at JOHN BULL's expense. From the evening of Easter Thursday until the following Monday night, a round of sightseeing and entertainment for two will be provided for the winner and his chosen companion.

To make a *Bullet* you have only to add any TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to one of the *Examples*. Suppose, for instance, you are working on the *Example* OVER THE PRECIPICE; by adding the words THEN DOWN THE AISLE you would complete a *Bullet*.

Before starting on your *Bullets*, however, study the good points of the winning efforts in Competition No. 882. Then start on your own efforts, see that your entry is in by Saturday, March 18 and a big success may well be yours.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

BRITAIN'S STRENGTH
WIDENING THE ROAD
EVERYBODY AGREES
CRACK IN THE CEILING
OVER THE PRECIPICE
COMING OUT ON TOP
ATTACKING HIS WORK
MAGIC OF SPRING
BIG DISAPPOINTMENT
WHEN THE GLAMOUR FADES
QUARRELLING WITH LIFE
WHY HE CAN'T SLEEP
MUSIC IS SWEET, BUT
WHILE HE WAS WAITING
GREEN WITH ENVY
WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED
CHEATING DEATH
MAN WHO RULES
UPS AND DOWNS
PLUNGING
LANGUIDLY
SOON OVER
I MAY SAY
MAKES HER CROSS
"RUBBISH!"
LUCKY JIM
ON AGAIN
BREATHING FIRE
PAYS HIM
GIVEN AWAY
CLUTCHING HAND
MARKED

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 886 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £400 awarded to the First Prize-winner in No. 881 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Rex, Brighton Road, Belmont, Surrey.

THIS COUPON BRINGS FREE "BULLETS" HELP!

Hundreds of prize-winners owe their success entirely to the free weekly aid of *Bullets Bulletin*, a budget of hints and encouragement for would-be winners which can be yours by post every Thursday. Post off this coupon to-day!

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "& Co." payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin* commencing with next available issue.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

____

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press, Ltd., 18, Short's Gardens, London, W.C. (*Do not enclose this coupon with "Bullets."*)

USE THESE BIG NEW COUPONS!

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(886) Closing SAT., Mar. 18

P.O. No. ____________________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed ....

Address ....

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(886) Closing SAT., Mar. 18

P.O. No. ____________________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed ....

Address ....

Jot down below the rough ideas which may lead to a big prize!

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(886) Closing SAT., Mar. 18

P.O. No. ____________________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed ....

Address ....

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(886) Closing SAT., Mar. 18

P.O. No. ____________________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

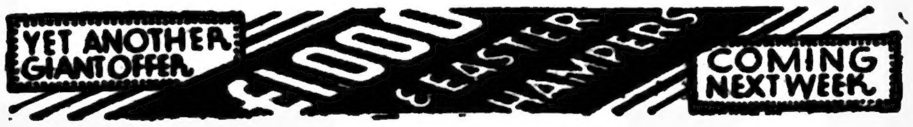
Signed ....

Address ....

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 886, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.



SOUND DIGESTION

FEELING OF FITNESS
ROSY CHEEKS
HEALTH
STRENGTH & VITALITY
RED LIPS
GOOD SPIRITS
MENTAL ALERTNESS
BRIGHT EYES
GOOD APPETITE
CLEAR COMPLEXION
FUNCTIONAL REGULARITY
CICFA

THE FOUNT OF HEALTH

Do you suffer from Indigestion? If so, it is probably spoiling your health, because never as long as you have Indigestion will your general health be good.

Constipation (*Bowel Indigestion*) is the most usual form.

If neglected this condition **pollutes the blood stream.** *The impure blood is carried to every part of the system,* and finally sets up **self-poisoning,** which in time undermines the health.

Indigestion also gives rise to a host of other symptoms, such as Acidity, Heartburn, "feeling of fullness," Flatulence, etc.

Take Cicfa and secure perfect digestion, which means **no Constipation ;** complete elimination of all waste products ; *internal cleanliness,* and consequent purity of blood.

Cicfa restores digestion throughout the Alimentary Tract **BECAUSE** it both adds to and stimulates the secretion of Natural Digestive Ferments. Thus the nourishment is absorbed, *Constipation is prevented,* Flatulence decreases, and the **blood grows richer and purer,** nourishing all the tissues and producing a feeling of perfect fitness throughout the body.

The following is one of the many testimonials we have in our files :

37, Claudia Street,
Walton, Liverpool.

Sirs,—I have suffered from Indigestion for 2½ years. One of my workmates recommended CICFA to me, saying it had cured his wife. I told him I had tried several remedies, but they had all proved failures. There is no mistake about it—Cicfa tablets are the cure for Indigestion. I have had four tubes, and can honestly say that I can eat anything now, and can enjoy a good sleep. You can use this letter for any purpose, also my name and address.

Yours truly,
(Sgd.) RICHARD CLARK.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. PRICE 1/3 and 3/-

THE CICFA CO., 8, Duke Street, Manchester Sq., London, W.1.

RECORD "X.L." BARGAIN BALE 20/-

THE MOST MARVELLOUS VALUE EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC. Thousands of our Bales have already been despatched to all parts of the world, and letters received from delighted customers. Send to-day, absolutely no risk in any way, because we guarantee to return your money in full if you are not satisfied. Every article of the highest quality and perfect. Each Bale greater value than hitherto. Read the guaranteed contents :

2 Heavy Yorkshire White Raised **Blankets,** full size, 80 ins. x 60 ins.
1 Heavy Coloured Striped **Blanket,** size 54 ins. x 75 ins.
2 Yorkshire White Raised **Blankets,** soft, warm and durable, 52 ins. x 70 ins.
1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb **Quilt,** full size, 90 ins. x 70 ins. (White or Coloured).
1 White Damask **Tablecloth,** size 52 ins. x 52 ins., with newest style coloured borders, Gold, Blue, Pink.
1 Beautiful **Bedspread,** Blue, Crimson, Olive, etc., on Jaspe grounds, new colours. Centre design edged with Art. Silk Embroidery, size 60 ins. x 80 ins.
2 Coloured Striped **Turkish Towels,** absorbent loop pile, size 20 ins. x 44 ins.
1 Fancy Coloured **Table Cover,** size 36 ins. x 36 ins., new designs ; Blue, Crimson, Gold, etc.

BALE Complete 20/-

Carriage Paid.

Money refunded if not approved.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY This **PHENOMENAL OFFER** is made to the readers of "John Bull." On receipt of a P.O. for 9s. 6d., Carriage 1s. extra, we will forward, direct from our Looms to your address, one of our "PRUDENTIAL" Real Seamless Woven **BRUSSELETTE CARPETS.** Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in new Turkey and artistic patterns (as illustration) and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose, and mingled Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. **With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome rug to match.** Every reader of "John Bull" is invited to send for our **New Illustrated Bargain Sale Catalogue of Carpets,** with Rugs to match (Axminster, Wilton, Brussels, Ideal and Brusselette) in all sizes ; also Yorkshire and Witney Blankets, Down Quilts, Bed Sheets, Table Linens, Towels, Bedding, etc., at the lowest warehouse prices, free by return of post.

9/6

BRITISH CARPETS for BRITISH HOMES! Direct from the Looms!

F. HODGSON & SONS, Manufacturers and Merchants, (Dept. J. B.), WOODSLEY ROAD, **LEEDS.**

First on the promotion list

It was Mason's spruce, well-shaved appearance that first impressed his employer. Now he's the garage manager. And it came about largely because he was noticed more than were the others—the stubbly chin men who shave only when they feel like it, and then just with ordinary soap. That's not Mason's way. Like thousands of other smart young fellows he enjoys a daily shave with Lever's Easy Shaving Stick. Result—his face always has that keen, alert appearance which comes of clean, close shaving. Take Mason's tip—use Lever's Easy yourself. See how its quick, foamy lather softens the beard in a jiffy, makes easy work for the razor, and leaves the skin cool and comfortable. It *does* make a difference when the soap's made for the job! And Lever's Easy costs only sixpence—little enough to pay for the hundred perfect shaves it gives.

If you don't pass a dealer's shop on your way to work see that your Lever's Easy is on the household shopping list.

100 shaves for 6d

K 221-172-65 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

£1,450 WON IN "John Bull" Crossword, No. 201.

In the above contest, solutions containing one error were received from the following 31 competitors who share the £1,250 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £40 6s. 6d. will be sent.

Agar, Mrs. N. M., 32, Waveney Ave., Peckham Rye, S.E.15 ; Allwood, Mrs., 15, Beresford St., Mansfield ; Austin, A. T., 1, Valley View Terr., Farningham, Kent ; Collins, Mrs. E., Cedar Cott., Hackney, Matlock ; Cross, A., Newbury Park, Wallingford, Berks. ; Darch, S., 78, Fields New Rd., Chadderton, Oldham ; Davies, G., 56, City Rd., Walton, Liverpool ; Giggins, F., 7, Bulmer St., Meanwood Rd., Leeds ; Griffiths, S. A., 14, Hicks St., Llanelly ; Hague, Miss L., Renfrew, Swinton, Nr. Rotherham ; Harris, Mrs. M. Terrick, Princes Risboro, Bucks ; Hazel, Mrs. A., Belvedere, Bowe Ave., Peacehaven ; Hinwood, Mrs. A., 87, Bordesley Green, Small Heath, Birmingham ; Hudson, M/s E., 22, Ingham St., Padiham, Lancs. ; Hughes, W., 10, Westmorland St., Denton Holme, Carlisle ; Jeffries, J., 11, Park St., Kirby-in-Ashfield ; Jukes, A. E., Ledden Bridge, Gillingham, Dorset ; Lindstrom, A., 282, High Park St., Liverpool ; Mackintosh, Mrs. L. E., 54, Salford Rd., Streatham Hill, S.W.2 ; Morrison, E., 95, Nowell Rd., Barnes, S.W. ; Moyes, M/s T., 28, Church St., Seal, Nr. Sevenoaks ; Noble, C., 3, Mitre St., Stockton-on-Tees ; Rees, Mrs. E. V., Southcliffe, Torpark Rd., Torquay ; Roberts, Mrs., Trelill, Wendron, Helston, Cornwall ; Robinson, E., 1685, Bristol Rd. Sth., Rubery, B'ham ; Sawyer, F. J., 10, Kendrick Rd., Reading ; Skirton, D., 1, Fieldgrove Villas, Willsbridge, Bristol ; Spencer, Mrs. F. M., 66, Sidney Rd., Southport ; Stafford, T., 43, Swaffield Rd., Wandsworth, S.W. ; Toplas, J., Harbledown, Canterbury ; Vile, P., 21, Griffe Head Rd., Wyke, Bradford.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, March 21st, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 265 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing two errors and who will each receive 7s. 7d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

CORRECTION—COMPETITION No. 199. One of the First Prize-winners in this Competition was wrongly described as of Hythe, Kent, instead of Hythe, Hants. The correct address is Mrs. G. Roberts, 1, Netley View, Butts Ash, Hythe, Hants.

Another Splendid X-Word with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £100 a Year and £500 cash, and prizes for runners-up appears on Page 46. Try your skill now.

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